

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers

DETROIT, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1883.

PRICE, \$1.65 PER YEAR

VOLUME XIV.

"PRACTICE WITH THEORY AND SCIENCE."

NUMBER 40

CONTENTS.

Agricultural.—Butter and Cheese at the State Fair.—An Instructive Exhibit.—The Western Michigan Agricultural and Industrial Society.—The Northeastern Agricultural Society.—Wool-Growers in Council.—The Great Race at Monmouth Park.—Turf and Track.—
Farm Matters.—Fall Plowing.—High Dairy Farming in France.—Two Crops of Lambs Per Year.—Manufacture of Sorghum Sugar.—Champaign, Ill.—Potatoes.—Dairy Dots.—Sowing Clover Seed.—Agricultural Home.—
Domestic.—Floriculture.—Growing Celery.—What Fertilizers are Best for the Pear Orchard.—Cranberry Growing.—Canker Worm.—The Fall Web-Worm.—Horticultural Notes.—
Apiculture.—Essentials in Wintering Bees.—
Editorial.—Wheat—Corn and Oats—Hops and Barley.—Dairy Products.—Michigan's Great Agricultural Kindly Rewarded.—Administration of Exhibitors at the State Fair.—
News Summary.—Michigan—General—Foreign—Pencil Sketches by the Way.—
Farm Loan.—A Question of Liability.—
Poultry.—The Waltham of Von Weber.—The Old Story.—Autumnal.—
Miscellaneous.—Dave's Wife.—An Attempt to Capture George Washington.—Public Memorial of the Plow.—
To Inquiring Friends.—Chin Wang Goes to See Mary Anderson.—All on Last Round.—His Coat Tail.—Varieties.—Chaff.—
Household.—Eastern Glimpses.—Through a Transom.—A New Departure.—
The Macomb County Fair.—
Veterinary.—Abortion in the Mare.—Nasal Polyps in a Ewe.—Spavin, Curb and Foul Sheath.—
Commercial.

Agricultural.

BUTTER AND CHEESE AT THE STATE FAIR.

The committee on butter and cheese at the Michigan State Fair of 1883 were Henry Chamberlain, of Three Oaks, D. W. Curtis, of Fort Atkinson, Wis., and T. J. Haywood, of Detroit. Following the custom practiced in the better dairy districts of the country, they made use of a scale of points as follows: Flavor 20, grain 15, color 6, salt 6, package 3—making a total of 50 points. Each member of the committee examined the package of butter, and, without consulting, privately marked the points on a sheet prepared for that purpose. When all had been examined, the total points made by the three committee men were added together, and those packages having the highest number of points were awarded the premiums.

In butter made at any time, No. 29 scored points as follows: 45, 46 and 48, total 139; first premium. No. 25—43, 47 and 47, total 137; second premium. No. 28—44, 47 and 43, total 133; third premium. Persons interested will see how closely the committee agreed on the points. The most difference is on No. 28, where there are five points between the highest and lowest. The other packages in this lot made aggregate points as follows: No. 26, 132; No. 27, 133; No. 30, 137; No. 31, 115; No. 32, 126; No. 34, 124; No. 35, 124. The following shows the aggregate points on the lowest and highest grades in the judgment of the committee:

Flavor	Grain	Color	Salt	Package	Total
No. 29	45	15	6	6	139
No. 25	43	15	6	3	137
No. 31	48	15	14	6	115

It will be noticed that while No. 29 lacked three points in flavor and two in grain, No. 31 lacked 13 points in flavor and 12 in grain, while only a little behind on color and salt. A package of fine flavor and high color failed for want of grain; another that had a good grain failed on account of want of flavor.

Perfect butter is that which is perfect in flavor, grain, color and salting. The best butter is that which has the highest commercial value. There is a great amount of butter made which finds a ready market in the vicinity where it is made, and which is sold to regular customers and is good sweet butter; but lacking some of the points given above, it would bring but a small price when thrown upon the market. It is of the greatest importance that the commercial value of the butter of Michigan should be improved. We produced in 1880, in round numbers, 38,000,000 lbs.; if this sold for 15 cents a pound (and I believe it did not bring that) it would amount to \$5,700,000; if it could be made so as to be worth 30 cents, it would produce double the sum—\$11,400,000. My own butter for 1881 produced an average of nearly 30 cents for the year, and every pound was sold by a commission house on its merits. I quote from a circular of my commission merchant, dated September 18, 1883, which I found on my return from the State Fair, with which was enclosed a check for sales as that date at 24 cents a pound:

"Butter.—A good business was reported, but the inquiry was mainly for fine, fresh made butter of high flavor, which was taken by local dealers and butterine manufacturers. There was also some demand for packing stock, but the intermediate grades—butter too good to sell as packing grades and yet not good enough to sell for fine table butter—rule quiet. There is a good supply of creamery on the market, chiefly butter grading as firsts and extras firsts. Fine and fancy dairies are scarce, and common to medium grades in good supply. The feeling was steady and in prices. Choice makes of creamery, coming under the classification of extra firsts, sell at 22@23c per lb., and very good makes chasing as firsts sell at 20@21c, and these two grades comprise the bulk of the creamery arriving, although now and then a lot of very fancy make or brand is received, which would inspect as extras, and sells at 24@25c and even a shade

higher. Ordinary makes or seconds at 15@17c. Dairies are salable at 15@18c per lb. for choice, grading about firsts and extra firsts. Fancy makes, equal to extras, would sell higher in a small way. However, a very large portion of the dairies arriving are more or less off in flavor and in make and not good enough to sell for more than packing grades. Some good dairies, solid boring butter, better than packing stock, sell at about 10c. Streaked stock, faulty dairies and store-packed stock generally sells as packing stock, and is quotable at 9c. Ladle-packed dull and quotable at 8@11c for good to choice. Grease butter quotable at 6@6c."

Now, Mr. Editor, I do not run a creamery but a dairy, in which at present we milk 25 cows. There is no secret about this matter; all that is needed to make butter that has the highest commercial value is good cows, well fed and carefully milked, the modern conveniences and utensils for dairy use, and a clean, neat man or woman to make the butter. This is my own experience. The woman in charge of my dairy for the last four years had never but for a few months of a single year, made a pound of butter in her life. During the four years we have had seven packages of butter, out of many hundred, which sold from two to four cents less than the highest quotations. It has all been done by buying and studying the best works on butter-making, and observation at dairy shows where butter was judged upon its commercial value.

There are 100,000 or more men, women, boys and girls in Michigan who can fit themselves in 30 days to make first quality of butter. Mr. Editor, when I promised you on the Fair Grounds that I would give you the basis of action of the committee on butter and cheese, I did not expect to write as long an article as this. This is not written for the purpose of defending the action of the committee, as we were well satisfied with our work; nor to advertise my own dairy products; as they have been in the past, so they will be in the future sold on their merits; but with the hope that it will induce the good men and women of Michigan to improve the products of their dairies, that they may be better rewarded for their labor and the State of Michigan become richer from the increase in the price of all our dairy products.

I have taken no note of the exhibit of creamery or June butter, only adding that No. 51 had 135, No. 49, 130, and No. 50, 134 points. On No. 51 the points of the several members of the committee were 44, 45 and 46; on No. 49, 40, 43 and 47; No. 50, 41, 43 and 44, showing that there was but a shadow difference in the opinion of the different members of the committee. Producers of butter will take note of the fact that in the judgment of the committee the dairy butter was of a higher quality than the creamery. The dairy which secured premiums being 130, 137 and 133 points, as against 135, 130 and 128 in creamery. It is not necessary in order to make first-class butter that it should be made by a so-called creamery. It is necessary to have milk enough to make a fair quantity of butter at one time, churning often, and using the improved methods.

DIVISION G, CLASS 35—CHEESE.
The same committee made the awards in this class, with the scale of points as follows: Flavor 15, quality 15, texture 10, color 5, salting 5. No. 76, first premium, with aggregate points as made by the several members of the committee, 124, 137, 141, divided by three, gives 137.4, second premium No. 75, 122, 129, 131, gives 127.3, third premium No. 73, 118, 120, 121, gives 119.4.

HENRY CHAMBERLAIN.
THREE OAKS, September 24, 1883.

An Instructive Exhibit.

Mr. D. Woodman, of Paw Paw, made an unique display at our recent State Fair, being a large and interesting exhibit of dried grains, grains, seeds, etc., including 150 species in glass bottles and 83 in the field. He had 43 varieties of wheat exhibited as grown in the field, showing the habit of the variety, length of straw, etc., 32 varieties of oats and 52 of grasses, put up in the same manner, and 31 varieties of corn of the present year's crop. Mr. Woodman's entire exhibit, which also included many varieties of millet, with the single exception of a specimen of Florida rice, sent him by a friend in that State, was grown upon his own farm. Only those who have had some experience in the securing, preparing and labeling of plants can appreciate the work such an exhibit represents. That it is a matter on which many farmers are ignorant, and at the same time very much interested, was evident from the number who stopped to study and examine, and the many questions which were put to the exhibitor.

WAYNE County has been taxed for the support of two agricultural fairs, but beyond drawing the bonus from the County neither Society shows any signs of life. Where are you, John M. Farland? and where is Gady Neff of Trenton?

Hon. George L. Converse, democratic congressman from Ohio, addressed wool growers at Chicago last week, favoring reduction of tariff on wool.—*Evening News.*
This is entirely untrue. Mr. Converse favors a higher tariff than the present one.

THE WESTERN MICHIGAN AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY.

The fifth annual exhibition of the Western Michigan Agricultural and Industrial Society, was in nearly every respect quite a success. The Society have excellent grounds, on which is a splendid half mile track, and their buildings are undoubtedly the finest in the State. The number of entries in nearly all the classes were in excess of former years, filling all the space in the various departments that there was to be allotted to exhibitors. The number of people in attendance was large, reaching over 20,000 on Thursday.

The several halls were well filled, and the show in these departments was all that could be reasonably be asked for.

FARM IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINERY.

were shown in abundance. A large engine ran a long shaft, to which were attached the mowers, reapers, self-binders, etc., all running simultaneously, making a tremendous clack, clatter, that was mingled with the continuous babbling of the ever glib tongue of the machine vender. The self-binders were numerous, the McCormick, Champion, Osborne, Buckeye, Empire and others were in the row. In fact every thing one would be likely to think of in shape of an implement, from a portable saw mill down to a garden hoe, could be seen.

The Oliver Chilled Plow Co. were there with their mammoth tent, under which they made a fine display of their different make of plows that were finished in their usual artistic manner, and seemingly too beautiful to be used in the dirt.

The Grand Rapids Manufacturing Co., were among the largest exhibitors of implements on the ground. They had implements for farmers' use, in all the lines from a cheap corn tool to a threshing machine. On a side platform was shown the past and present of the plow business—a plot of one hundred years ago, beside one of the most improved patterns of the day represented by their No. 10 chilled plow—and new patent jointer, with reversible point; also their No. 14 steel plow, with iron beam. They showed a large line of corn tools of every description; also cauldron kettles, steel road scraper, etc. Shown as a novelty was an inclined platform covered with all the plow repairs in the country. They have secured the control of the manufacture and sale of the celebrated Allen Hay Tedder. Among Tedders this is the latest improvement. Instead of drawing this machine as most do by the thills, this is drawn from the main frame, thus relieving the thills from all draft strain, and partially that of guiding. The forks are flexible in all directions, yet rigid enough to do one-fourth more work than will ever be required of them. The crank shaft is frequently driven from one wheel, except when going straight forward on perfectly level ground—conditions which seldom exist. Instead of using complicated sets of pawls, ratchets, levers and fixtures to put the machine in and out of gear, the Allen accomplishes the same results with a cheap, reliable, easily managed arrangement which slightly turns the axle. Much more might be said of the thorough manner in which it does its work, that it can not clog, of its great durability and wonderful simplicity of construction.

F. G. BIGNELL'S POST POWER.
F. G. Bignell, Smyrna, Ionia County, showed this horse power, which is simple and yet very complete in its construction, and is designed for farmers' use in the barn to run feed cutters, corn sheller, feed mill, etc. The post attachments are so constructed that it can be removed in a moment without disturbing the power, which rests on a scaffold above, thereby giving the full size of the barn floor to use. Its cheapness recommends it to all.

J. W. Barker, Montcalm County, exhibited the Barker creamer, which we consider, for general use, is far in advance of anything we have met, and is cheaper than any other offered. It is a galvanized iron lined tank, in which are set the cans containing the milk. In the top of the cover is a sieve which is covered after the milk is cooled, while under the cover are lugs of tin which allow the steam to escape. If farmers' wives could be induced to use these creamer cans, the quality of the butter made in Michigan would be much improved, and the price in market very much advanced.

THE LIVE STOCK SHOW.
was large, and creditable to any country. Among the owners of heavy horses we found N. B. Hayes, of Mait, who had first premium badge attached to his three-year-old grade Percheron; also first on grade filly.

C. Dunham, of Caledonia, had the blue ribbon attached to his grade Percheron filly two years old. R. W. Elston, Grand Rapids, won first premium on his pure bred Clydesdale stallion; also first on his four-year-old cross bred Clydesdale, and Norman stallion four-years-old. Wicks & Co., won first on Percheron stallion five-years-old, and James Merrill, Byron Center, had first on four-year-old Percheron.

CATTLE DEPARTMENT.

The number of entries of cattle of all

breeds was 283, exceeding the number of entries of last year by 69. The Shorthorns led in numbers, six herds being represented. Wm. Ball, of Hamburg, 13; H. Lessiter, Grattan, 13; John Lessiter, Jersey, 11; N. B. Hayes, Mait, 17; Orrin Snow, Kalamazoo, 14, and H. G. Holt, Cascade, 11. Of the individual premiums Wm. Ball won first on bull three years old, cow four years old, heifer three years old, heifer two years old, and heifer one year old. Also diploma on bull of any age. O. Snow won first on heifer calf; H. G. Holt, first on bull calf. There were six herds of Shorthorns brought into the ring to compete for the herd prizes, and taken together were a grand lot, making it very difficult for the committee to decide just where the ribbons should be put. Wm. Ball, however, got first, John Lessiter second, and O. Snow third.

HOLSTEINS.
Of the Holstein exhibitors M. L. Sweet, of Grand Rapids, showed 13, Stone & Biggs, Hastings, eight; Leroy Moore, Greenville, six; Phelps & Seelye, of North Farmington, eight. M. L. Sweet got first on bull three years old, cow three years old, heifer one year old, and heifer calf. Also first on bull one year old, heifer two years old, and heifer calf. On herds second.

JERSEYS.
The Jerseys were represented by two herds, but I was unable to get the names of the owners of these cattle, or ascertain just where the prizes went.

HEREFORDS.
Edwin Phelps, of Pontiac, swept the board in this breed by taking all the first prizes and a diploma.

DEVONS.
were represented by one herd, that of A. J. Burrows of Troy.
Of Galloways one herd was shown, that of R. B. Caruss, of St. Johns.
Of Guernseys, C. H. Gibbs, of Pontiac, showed one herd.

SHEEP.
Of sheep there were 145 entries; 41 of which were Merinos, 43 American Merinos. In the thoroughbred class Wm. Ball won first on ram two years old, ram one year old, ram lamb, two ewes two years old, ewe lambs, and diploma on buck and two ewes.

On middle wools John Lessiter, of Jersey, Oakland County, won first on aged ram, ram lamb, ewe two years old, yearling ewe, and ewe lamb. Also first and second on fat sheep.

On Cotswolds, A. W. Hill, Caledonia, won first on ram, one year, ram lamb, ewe two years, ewe one year, and ewe lamb. G. Bush won first on ram two years old.

SWINE.
The exhibit of swine, although not large, was very creditable indeed. A. I. Fox, Granville, showed a sow and boar of the Jersey Reds. W. A. Porter, of Englishville showed nine head of Suffolk, that were a good lot.

S. Brown, of Englishville, exhibited 17 head of the Ohio improved Chester White swine that were a fine lot, and considerably in advance of those we were in the habit of seeing only a few years ago. One sow, Lady Salem, is an animal of good growth, and in general conformation nearly equals a Suffolk. She has a fine head and ear, good length of body, broad back, deep sides, and is remarkably developed in the hams. The boar, Buckeye Boy, is of good size and proportions. The young stock are notably even in size, have fine heads and ears, and are certainly fine representatives of the breed. Mr. Brown won first prize on boar one year, sow and litter of pigs, pen of pigs, and boar and sow under one year of age.

The Berkshires were represented by G. W. Prescott, of Grand Rapids, and Ezra Brown, of Englishville; the former showing three pens and the latter five pens. Mr. Brown won all the first prizes, together with the two diplomas.
Mr. Brown's Berkshires are the descendants of some of the best stock imported. The two year old boar has a good head, an ear of medium size, a short neck, broad back, heavy hams, and stands well on his limbs. He was bred by Mr. Armstrong, of Owosso. The sow, Lady Vick, bred by Mr. Vickery, of Charlotte, is one of the many extra good ones sired by imp. Duke of Swinetrout 3173, that have very fine head and faces, a characteristic of the family. Mr. Brown has recently purchased from Turner & Hudson, of Lansing, the young boar Royal Lad 4899, that considering present appearances will be heard from in the future. The young stock in this herd are very even and speak well as to good care and judgment on the part of the owner.

It was a source of annoyance to us, as well as to most of the visitors, to be unable to find the owners or attendants of stock. Those who wish to get the full benefit of exhibiting their wares at the fairs, must of necessity have some one with the stock or articles exhibited who are able to give all needed information. Mr. Ball's attendants were constantly with his stock, and any desired information concerning it was promptly given.

DR. A. J. CHANDLER, of this city, has been appointed Veterinary Surgeon for the Zoological Gardens.

THE NORTHEASTERN AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Third Annual Exhibition at East Saginaw.

On Tuesday last the third annual exhibition of this Society opened up under rather unfavorable circumstances. The weather was cold, and a kind of Scotch mist hung over the grounds that made a chair alongside the large stove in the Bancroft House, a much more comfortable enjoyment than strolling around the fair grounds. However, on Wednesday morning the sun made its appearance for a short time and infused some life into the exhibitors and visitors.

As an exhibition of live stock, agricultural machinery and the products of the counties which it represents, the fair was in every way a success. Financially it has not come up to the expectations of its projectors. Various reasons are attributed by the management for the failure of the public to patronize the fair this year, but as opinions so widely differ, we will say nothing about them. That the public did not attend is a fact, and it will lie with the officers to find out the reason, and apply the necessary remedies for the fair of 1884. There must be work done in each of the counties of which the Society is composed, a personal interest in the fair aroused in the farmers and the public generally, and there can then be no question about its success. At the present fair, with the exhibits of Oakland and Genesee counties left out, especially as far as live stock was concerned, there would have been little to attract the visitor. We hope that before the next fair a little pride will be infused into the other counties, and that each will make a showing that will be creditable to them and show to the other portions of the State that they are not behind them in agriculture or enterprise.

When we arrived at the grounds we were taken in hand by George Stuart, of Grand Blanc, and with him took a look over the live stock, the Shorthorns receiving our first attention, and as we turned into the stalls we got a hearty salute from our genial friend, Ben Brooks, who, as everybody that has met him knows, is in the height of his glory at a fair. Ben and his father, Mr. A. S. Brooks, were getting their herd ready for the ring and at the conclusion of the award, had a fair show of ribbons to their credit.
Mr. Wixom had his herd of cattle, the same one which he exhibited at the State Fair, and he retired from the ring with many scalps at his belt.
H. E. Degarmo, though a comparatively young exhibitor, drew enough prizes to encourage him in continuing in the business. Mr. W. J. Bartow, of East Saginaw, has got together a very respectable herd, and received considerable encouragement in the way of ribbons.
H. B. Baldwin, of St. Louis, had a very nice herd of cattle, which the judges showed their appreciation of by awarding him several premiums.

A. B. West, of Columbiaville, is also doing something to improve the stock of his section, and we hope the decision of the judges will encourage him in the good work.
Mr. D. Pierson, of Otter Lake, exhibited a very handsome yearling bull, and was awarded second premium in a very hot contest.

In the Hereford class, the herds of Wm. Hamilton and Thos. Foster of Flint made up the exhibit, and a finer one is seldom seen, as those who saw them at the State Fair are aware.
In the Devon class Mr. A. A. Sheldon, of Midland, was the only exhibitor.
The exhibit of Jerseys was not so large as we expected, but was a creditable one. Judge Marston had his herd there, in charge of Mr. Muldraugh, and Mr. J. B. Whittier, of East Saginaw, had some very nice representatives of this family.

The Holstein class was well represented, the largest exhibit being Mr. E. H. Phillips, of Bay City. This herd was in fine breeding condition, and the improvement in the bull at the head of it, since we saw him last winter, shows that Mr. Phillips has the capacity to handle them.
Mr. Thos. McGraw, of Bay City, exhibited his herd with the bull Nicholas 2nd at the head. The five-year-old cow Paula, we think is one of the handsomest Holsteins in the State. The imported cow Mary, which had a record in Holland of 84 pounds of milk per day was exhibited. She unfortunately lost her calf and had not done as well as was anticipated.

Mr. McEwan, of Bay City, and Smith & Lawrence, of East Saginaw, were also exhibitors in this class.

In the sheep department there was an excellent show; George Stuart, of Grand Blanc, W. J. Gage, of South Lyon, and the Gale Bros., of Atlas, did the Merino breeders full credit, while H. J. Rundel and Wm. Norton of Pontiac, with the assistance of A. B. West, of Columbiaville, saw that the interests of the Hampshire Down, Shropshire, Southdowns, Lincolns and Cotswolds did not suffer.
George Stuart was kept busy most of his time in showing his ram Clark's 119, the merits of which so many had heard of, and now had a chance to see, as well as a number of his lambs. The get of this

ram have all the characteristics of his sire, and have that fine, dense, even fleece for which he is noted. George spent many an hour dilating on these points to his visitors, but the judges knocked it all into a cocked hat, (so to say), by giving his ram "Tommy" the first premium; W. J. Gage's ram second, and 119 the third. Those who know George can picture his looks about that time.

The hog exhibit was an exceptionally good one. R. P. Gustin, of Bay City, who is one of the largest breeders of Berkshires in the country, made a full exhibit. Sam Goodell, the genial host of the club house at the grounds, had a very choice breeding sow of this family, which he procured from Stone, of Guelph, Ontario. A. A. Sheldon, of Midland, A. W. Alger, of Rankin, and C. Hess, of South Saginaw, made a good exhibit of Poland Chinas. F. C. Crego, of Isabella county, exhibited some very fine Chester Whites, while A. Ganson, of Pontiac, showed up the beauties of the small Yorkshires. There was only one pen of Suffolks, which was exhibited by Julien Hayes of Bridgeport.

In the horse department the exhibit was large, and all classes were fully represented. Through a misunderstanding, Mr. S. A. Browne, of Kalamazoo, who had shipped a car load of horses from the State Fair, was barred from competition, owing to his not being a resident of the territory embraced by the society. Mr. Browne took the matter very good naturedly, and when he found that he could not compete for the premiums offered, he said he would at least show the people what kind of horses he was breeding. On Wednesday he had Mr. Abbott hitch up Saratoga, a two-year-old filly, by Grand Sentinel, dam Posie Belle, which had only been worked for 30 days previous, and after warming her up she was sent for half a mile, trotting it without a skip, in 1:35. The track was very heavy owing to the rain, and under unfavorable circumstances we think the filly would have had no trouble in covering the distance in 1:30. Sir Knight, a very handsome stallion, was then brought out and given a half mile, which he covered with apparent ease in 1:38. Sir Knight is a two-year-old, by Grand Sentinel, dam Shadow, of good size, very level headed, and for a horse that has only had two weeks' work, is certainly very promising. Another colt that Mr. Browne is thinking well of, is Scottish Rite, a yearling, by Grand Sentinel, out of the dam of Spinnella. This colt was haltered to a mate and trotted a half mile in 1:35, without a skip. He does not seem to know any other gait but trotting, and with proper handling he is liable to make trouble for competitors in his class.

WOOL-GROWERS IN COUNCIL.

And Some Who Are Not Wool-Growers Have a Good Deal to Say.

Agreeable to a call issued by a number of men connected with the sheep-breeder's and wool-growers associations of Ohio, Pennsylvania and Indiana, a meeting of wool-growers was held at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, on Tuesday of last week, one day in advance of the meeting of the Executive Board of the National Wool-Growers' Association, which was to meet the next day at the Palmer House. The call for the meeting read as follows:

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 5, 1883.
To the Sheep-Breeders and Wool-Growers of the United States.
You are requested to meet at the Grand Pacific Hotel, in the City of Chicago, the 25th of September, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of conference and organization. All State and all other Sheep-Breeders' and Wool-Growers' Associations are requested to send delegates or representatives.

The following persons were announced as being present to attend the conference: W. A. Harriott, S. S. King, Matthew Anderson, W. F. Echar, P. P. Castle, J. Bonar, J. P. Wilson, C. Stoolfire, C. N. Allward, E. F. Hobart, D. W. Benton, J. B. Humphrey, J. C. Gist, M. B. Williamson, N. C. Burwell, O. K. Stevenson, J. C. Stevens, M. J. Lawrence, Jno McDowell, S. B. Hammond, J. C. Palmer, W. N. Cowden, W. F. Wilder, C. H. Beall, G. L. Converse, A. Brooks, C. R. Gibbs, W. L. Glass, Lyman Glass, E. W. Wellington, A. Lowenstein, S. Block, George Youle, A. C. Fowler, David Harpster, W. C. Vanderhook, J. W. Kale, S. C. Gist, A. W. Thompson, H. J. Wilkins, William Ball, C. M. Fellows.

A temporary chairman was appointed, John McDowell of Pennsylvania, and also three secretaries and six vice presidents. Committees were appointed on Order of Business, Resolutions, Permanent Organization, Constitution and By-Laws, and Basis of Representation.

While the committees were being formed, Mr. George L. Converse, Democratic member of Congress from the Columbus, Ohio, District, began the business of the meeting by making a speech in which he said that Messrs. Delano, Sprague and Harpster, who had been sent to Washington for that purpose, exerted themselves heroically to prevent the reduction of the tariff on wool; but were beaten by the Eastern manufacturers, who were well organized and in a way to make them, selves felt in Congress. There was one great difficulty to contend with: to every-

thing they might say it was answered that the National Wool-Growers' Association itself had assented to the reduction. This was even asserted publicly in debates in the Senate. But for this fact the tariff would never have been reduced. The tariff ought to be raised to 15c per lb. if necessary.

M. J. Lawrence, of the Ohio Farmer, followed Mr. Converse, and did his best to excel him as the great friend of the wool-growers. He in turn was followed by J. C. Stevens, also of Ohio, who was particularly wild in his denunciation of everybody except those from his own State.

When the committees had been announced, the future course of the meeting came up for discussion. Many members also belonged to the National Wool-Growers' Association, and they wished nothing done until its meeting next day, to see if that body could not be reorganized to suit the views of those who were working to form a new national association. But the men from Ohio and Pennsylvania, with J. W. Hinton of Wisconsin, refused to listen to anything, and the meeting adjourned until afternoon.

In the afternoon it was resolved to turn the meeting into one for conference, and the chairman and secretary were re-elected. Then Mr. J. S. Coddling of Kansas, a member of the old Association, was asked for his views. In response he spoke for half an hour. He deprecated the formation of a new association, and said that if the wool-growers had accepted the invitation of the manufacturers to meet at Rochester in August, 1883, to confer about the reduction in the tariff on wool, they could have had their own way. He was opposed to the reduction, but he argued that from the present prices of wool it was apparent that the wool growers were sufficiently protected as matters stood. Here interruptions were numerous, and Mr. Coddling was finally obliged to submit to the clamor, a number asking him all sorts of questions at the same time, and then accusing him of contradicting himself.

Mr. Harpster of Ohio, replied to him, and by way of argument drew out a sample of Australian wool from his pocket, which he said had been sold in London for 25c per lb., to confute him. He insisted that Messrs. Markham and Garland, officers of the old Association, had been the cause of reducing the tariff, and that it was indispensable they should be removed from office.

The fun, or rather the fight, then became general, and there was no way in which a report of the various speeches of the members could be made. Not a subject was started which any half dozen present seemed able to agree on. They contradicted each other, and very often themselves. The Ohio and Texas representatives seemed to imagine that the loudest talker was the most convincing, and spared not their wind. There were motions made and resolutions offered without number, but they could not be put owing to the confusion. After this wrangle had lasted for some time, it finally culminated in a dispute as to the propriety of re-electing Messrs. Garland and Markham as President and Secretary of the National Association. One party, headed by J. C. Stevens, of Ohio, accused these gentlemen of treachery to the wool growers of the country in consenting to have the tariff on wool reduced. Mr. M. J. Lawrence and J. McDowell followed him, and Messrs. Coddling and Chapman defended them. Stevens and McDowell declared that the sheep men of Ohio and Pennsylvania compared Messrs. Garland and Markham with Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr and Judas Iscariot, which called out cries of shame from a number of those present. A resolution was finally passed to hold a caucus in the evening to nominate officers for the National Association. At this caucus, at which the States of Illinois, Kansas, Ohio, Vermont, Colorado, Texas, Missouri, Wisconsin, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia were represented. Mr. J. C. Stevens, of Kansas, was called to the chair, and Mr. M. J. Lawrence was chosen Secretary.

Mr. J. W. Hinton offered a resolution which in substance declared that in view of the general dissatisfaction of the wool growers of the country with the conduct of President Garland and Secretary Markham, it was inexpedient to re-elect them to the position they now occupy. This was declared by the chairman to be out of order. The caucus then proceeded to choose nominees for the offices of the National Association to meet the next day. For the Presidency were nominated J. C. Gist, of West Virginia; A. M. Garland, of Illinois; and C. Delano, of Ohio, President of the Ohio State Wool Growers' Association. On the first ballot Gist received 10, Garland 4, and Delano 19 votes. Mr. Delano was therefore declared chosen and the choice made unanimous. For Secretary there were nominated W. G. Markham, of New York, and W. L. Archer, of Pennsylvania. On the first ballot Markham received 17 and Archer 15 votes. Mr. Markham was therefore declared chosen and the choice was made unanimous. Mr. C. H. Beall, of West Virginia, was

(Continued on eighth page.)

that we were engaged in looking around for a new place to live. We saw no other place but a rank briar in a garden corner, but all was as clean as a garden corner. In this respect it is the most tidy farm we have seen in the State. Our pleasant visit at this place will long remain in our memory.

Within sight of this farm is that of Henry O. Hanford, who owns 290 acres of clay soil and sandy loam, with a portion crossed by a gravelly ridge. This farm has been brought, by hard work and close attention, to its present high state of cultivation, and ranks now as a number one. There has been a thorough system of tilling carried out, (some 14 miles of it), and its advantage has been fully demonstrated by an easier working of the soil and increased yields. We notice here a splendid and well arranged barn, 40x84 feet, in some respects more convenient than any we have seen. It has a capacity for holding an immense amount of hay and grain, and has a large storage in basement for roots, as well as stabling capacity for 42 head of cattle.

At George Barnhart's we saw a two weeks' old colt, out of his pacer mare, and Benton's Kirkwood for sire, that is a perfect pattern of his sire for style and action, and which we should be inclined to keep if we were his owner.

Wm. E. Cady has only 40 acres of land, but he finds room on it for a big onion patch, which gives him plenty to do. He has a fine Jersey cow, bred by the late George C. Gordon of Redford, and a heifer sired by a full blood Jersey bull and a Polled Angus cow form dam.

J. J. Stillwagon lives just out of the village of Wayne on 240 acres, is a mixed farmer, and usually feeds a bunch of cattle in winter. He is now turning his attention to the breeding of trotting stock, at which we had a good look. We saw the eight year old bay mare Nellie Stuart, who has rounded 100 miles in 10 hours. We saw Louis Napoleon for sire, with Ella Stuart, by Mambrino Chief for dam; second Fannie Moore by Glenoe. She has a yearling filly by Waverly, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and a colt by her side by same sire. A brown mare, Betsy Brown, sire Louis Napoleon, dam Crazy Jane by Skip Printer, second dam by Trouble, third by Tallyrand; also a three-year-old bay mare Rose of Nankin, sired by Shylcock, by Louis Napoleon, dam Skip Rattler, by Young Rattler, by Biggar's Rattler; a two-year-old bay mare, three white feet, same sire and dam; a two-year-old bay mare Misfortune, sire Shylcock; also a stallion sucking colt, with Joe Gavin for sire. Mr. S. is breeding for speed, and will not be satisfied unless he gets it. He is entitled to succeed, as his brood mares are well bred, and he is using the best stallions in the State. His stable will, we hope, be heard from in the near future.

While in Plymouth, we made a visit at the breeding stables of Hiram C. Benton. They are located a mile south of the village of Northville, on a farm of 160 acres. There are three stallions kept there, one is the nine-year-old bay stallion Captain, 16 hands three in. in height, weight 1,400 lbs. and is bred for coach purposes. Of his colts we have seen those of John Thompson, W. T. Johnson, and many others, and in every instance see the bay color, the size and style for fine carriage horses, just the class that is needed. Walter H. is a Norman Percheron, dark steel gray in color, 16 1/2 hands high, and weighed at three years old 1,500 lbs. Has plenty of bone and muscle, with lively action for one of his class. He was sired by imported Durand, with the gray mare Milford, for dam. We saw colts of his on the farms of S. Durfee, Louis Briggs, A. D. Stevens and others, and in six out of seven they were grays, and give unmistakable evidence of his ability to stamp his peculiarities upon all his get. Neptune is 13 years old, dark brown in color, was sired by Kirkwood, who had a record of 224, dam by Sam Houston. Kirkwood was by Green's Bashaw, Sam Houston by Washtenaw Chief. Neptune is a fine horse, kind in disposition, showy in harness, speedy as a roadster, and has some colts that lay over for roading almost any stock in these parts. They, as a class, fill the bill in this respect. These three stallions are a credit to these stables, and have done much in raising the standard of stock near here. Their owner is a thoroughly posted horseman who is alive to the needs of his locality, and his stables, his stallions, and their colts are a credit to him. His farm yields well under the management of his son Cassie, and is pleasantly located; the residence is on a high elevation, commanding a view of the villages of Northville and Plymouth, the trains on the F. & P. M. R. R., and a glorious expanse of rich farming country.

Joseph N. Tiffin lives on a farm of 80 acres, one mile south of Northville. The land is rolling, and under his thorough system of farming yields abundantly, is well fenced and presents a very tidy appearance. The farm is in good shape, the house is a very pretty home, is surrounded by some grand old maple trees. The orchard is thrifty, and in fair seasons is well loaded with choice fruit. He has a fine lot of grade cattle, and a three-year-old heifer, thoroughbred, weighs 1,315 lbs.; she was selected from A. S. Brooks' herd. He also has some extra work horses.

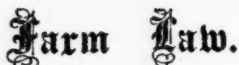
Mr. Eckles is a hard and pushing worker. He lives on a 190 acre farm, that is nicely situated. He keeps 35 head of extra good grade cows, and delivers his milk to the cheese factory of Mr. A. D. Powers.

Wm. E. Fry has made himself the owner of a farm of 250 acres by industry, perseverance and attention to all the little details that need caring for upon so large a farm. This farm lies very handsomely. We here notice one of the largest and best orchards in this portion of Plymouth. John Wells owns and works his 100 acre farm to the best advantage, makes his home pleasant by having his table well covered with newspapers and books, and reads the Farmer first of all. His neighbor, Aaron Taft, has but a farm of 40 acres, but raises more wheat on it yearly than any 100 acre place that we can find. In many instances we find farms so large that some land has to suffer for the want of sufficient labor, and we con-

less that a small, well-worked farm pleases our notions best.

H. E. Cady, of Northville, trotted out for his black three-year-old stallion, Frank C. He was sired by Marmaduke, dam by Victor Clay, by Henry Clay, and stands 15 hands two and a-half high, weighs about 1,000 lbs., is without blemish, of fine style and action, can trot now in three minutes, has unmistakable evidence of high breeding, and an almost certain prospect of being speedy. His owner values him highly.

ON THE WING.



Inquiries from subscribers falling under this head will be answered in this column if the replies are of general interest. Address communications to Henry A. Haight, Attorney, Sells Block, Detroit.

A Question of Liability.

WILLIAMSTON, Sept. 15, '88.
Law Office of the Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—Will you please decide the following legal question in your law column? A railroad runs through A's land, the railroad company gives B the privilege of putting wood on the right of way on A's land, and constructs a gate in railroad fence for the accommodation of B. The gate is left open through the negligence of B. A's horses get on the track through the gate and are killed by the cars. Who is responsible for the damage done, and who is legally bound to pay A. for his horses, B. or the R. Co? JOHN BURKLEY.

Answer.—The foregoing statement involves a very nice question of law, which to answer with that degree of certainty that it would be desirable to have, before commencing a suit in the matter, would require not only a fuller knowledge of the facts than is given, but more of careful research than I can give the question at present. I feel willing, however, to hazard the following solution, with the statement that on fuller investigation I might possibly change it:

There is a principle of law to this effect: Where one is charged by law with a certain duty he cannot delegate that duty to another, without becoming liable for the other's neglect of it. (11 Wendell 539) The railroad company is charged by law with the duty of keeping its track enclosed with proper fences. If it allows a party to remove the fence, as by opening a gate, it becomes liable for the damages resulting from the negligence of that party in failing to close the gate. A principle similar to this was applied in case of Corey vs. city of Detroit, (9 Mich.) Corey sued the city for damages occasioned by his wife's falling into an excavation on Grand River St., made by a contractor for the purpose of putting in a sewer. The city's defence was that it was the contractor's negligence in not putting up proper guards, etc., which occasioned the injury; that the city was guilty of no negligence, and hence should not be held responsible. But the Supreme Court said that as the city was charged with the duty of keeping its streets in a safe condition, it must see to it that excavations, etc., are properly guarded; that it can not delegate this duty to a contractor without being liable for the contractor's negligence; that the contractor is so far the agent of the city that the latter is liable for his neglect in leaving the street in an unsafe condition.

This principle was carried still further in the case of Woodbury vs. Chicago, where the city was held liable for the injuries resulting from the plaintiff falling into an excavation in the side of the street, made by a private individual under a license from the city.

Now if the case stated by our inquirer can be brought within the rule governing the cases above referred to, then the railroad company is liable to A. for the value of his horses. If the company is so liable and has to pay A. for his horses, there is no question of B's liability to the railroad company for the amount of damages and costs which the company has to pay.

In the Chicago case above mentioned the city sued the man who had the excavation made, and the case was taken twice to the Supreme Court of the United States, where it was both times decided in the city's favor. (See Chicago vs. Robbins, 2 Black, and Robbins vs. Chicago, 4 Wallace 657.) Nor is there any question of B's liability to A. if A. sees fit to proceed against him.

It would seem fair in the case put by Mr. Burkley, for the railroad company and B. to each pay half of the value of A's horses, and settle the matter amicably and save the expense of a law suit.

I. A. H.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PLACE to secure a Business Education, Instruction in Penmanship, Telegraphy, or Shorthand is at the

Spencerian Business College,

156 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

10 Per Cent Discount in October

Circulars free Oct-3m

STATE OF MICHIGAN.—In the Superior Court for Detroit. In Chancery. At a session of said Court held at the Superior Court Room in the City of Detroit on the 25th day of August A. D. 1888. Present Hon. J. Logan Chipman, Judge of said Court, Charles E. Daves, complainant, vs. Marietta L. Daves, defendant.

It is satisfactorily appearing to the Court by affidavit that the said defendant, Marietta L. Daves, does not reside in the State of Michigan but does reside in the State of New York. On motion of J. F. McManis, complainant's solicitor, it is ordered that said defendant cause her appearance to be entered in this case within four months from the date of this order, and that in case of her appearance she cause her answer to the complainant's bill of complaint to be filed and a copy thereof to be served upon said complainant's solicitor within twenty days after service on him of a copy of said bill and notice of this order, and that in default thereof said bill will be taken as confessed against said defendant. And it is further ordered that a notice of this order be published within twenty days in the Michigan Farmer, a newspaper printed and published and circulated in Wayne County, Michigan, and continued once in each week for six consecutive weeks.

J. LOGAN CHIPMAN, Judge of Superior Court.

F. M. MCMAHON, Complainant's Solicitor.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PUBLIC SALE OF Shorthorn Cattle & Shropshire Down Sheep

At Delaware, Ohio, Thursday, October 18, 1888.

C. HILLS, of Crystal Spring Farm, will sell a large portion of his well known herd of Shorthorns in conjunction with the highly bred Bates cattle of Messrs. Slooten & Duval, of Brownsville, Pa., to close their partnership; consisting of about 40 head of Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of our popular families, unexceptionable in breeding and good individually—Roses of Sharon, Peris, Miss Wills, Matilda, Fletcher, Knightley, and other good tribes will be represented, and several first class young bulls will be included, now ready for service, the lot of the renowned 23rd Duke of Alford (1890). All females of breeding age will have been served by imported Grand Duke Barrington 2nd (4844), imported Duke Wild Eyes (4151), or 5th Lord Oxford & Son, Vol. 25, A. H. R. There will also be offered some choice imported and Home Bred Shropshire Down Sheep, altogether the best and most popular of all mutton breeds.

In addition, one pair matched Clydesdale Mares (four crosses) six years old, bay, black points, stars in forehead, sound and good workers, weight January 1, 1888, 1,670 lbs. each; with six months old bay filly, by imported Clyde Stallion. Also our prize four year old bullock.

A rare chance for good stock. Terms cash, or on note at four months with good security. First Sale at the Delaware County Fair Ground, near the "Bee Hive R. R." Station, after 12 o'clock lunch Catalogues sent on application.

A REVOLUTION IN WHEAT GROWING! Farmers!

You can increase your wheat crop 25 to 50 per cent by growing our new MARTIN AMBER WHEAT! The most remarkable wheat ever produced, beats all former records. Only Three Weeks to sow an acre, and we guarantee it thick or thicker stand than any other kind with 500 Pecks or more. First Premium three times at Pennsylvania State Fairs. We introduced it in 1882 and offer it for 1888 true to name at

1 bushel, \$2.40 bush, for one acre, \$5; bushel, \$6; bag of 24 bush, for three acres, \$12 1/2 bush, by mail, one pound, 50 cents; 24 pounds, \$1; four pounds, \$1.50.

We are headquarters for strictly fine FULTZ, CLAYTON, SILVER, SUMNER, SILVER CHAFF, etc., at \$1.75 per bushel; by mail, one pound, 40 cents, three pounds, \$1. TURKISH ISLAND MEDITERRANEAN per bushel, \$3; bag of 24 bush, \$6; by mail, 40 cents per pound. Be sure and send for Full Catalogue, FREE. Address J. A. EVERETT & CO., Seedsmen, Watonsville, Pa.

NEW STYLE BUCKEYE FORCE PUMP

Works easy and throws a constant stream.

Is easily set. In the Cheapest and Best Force Pump in the world for Deep or Shallow Wells.

Thousands in use in every part of the United States.

Never freezes in winter. Send for Circular and Prices, giving depth of well.

MAST, FOOS & CO., Manufacturers, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

NEWEST & BEST! THE MACK DOOR HANGER.

Patented by Eugene Mack, July 17, 1883.

Cannot be thrown from the track runs at the touch of a finger while carrying the heaviest door; is the strongest hanger made, and the strongest roller iron track; strongest in the market, perfect title, has the only perfect application in use.

THE MACK DOOR HANGER CO., 1000 Broadway, New York City.

For descriptive circular and price address R. J. HOSNER, Manager, 255-3rd St., Boston, Mich.

When in Detroit and Looking for CARPETS, CURTAINS, Furniture Coverings

ABBOT & KETCHUM, have the Largest Stock and Best Variety in the State.

A special purchase of 3 1/2 yards long, from \$1.35 per pair worth \$2.00 per pair.

Agents for the "STANDARD" and "AU-RORA" Carpet Sweepers.

Abbot & Ketchum, 141 Woodward Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.

Cabinets \$3 Per Dozen at RUDALL'S

East Grand Circus Park, DETROIT, - - MICH.

During the month of September I will reduce the price of my cabinets to \$3 per dozen.

DETROIT ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

Cor. Michigan Avenue and Tenth Street. Open Daily—Sundays from 10 A. M.

Exhibiting the largest collection of foreign & native WILD ANIMALS

ever exhibited in United States. Also a large collection of Birds and Beautiful Birds. An immense Aquarium containing a fine variety of Fish. A fine Brass Band in attendance. Michigan Avenue cars stop the Zoo, every five minutes.

Admission 25 cts - Children 10 cts. Doors open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Peach Trees We offer for the coming season a large and fine stock of Peach Trees of choicest varieties, also Complete Assortment of Nursery Stock at wholesale and retail. Catalogues Free.

I. E. IGENFRITZ & SONS, MONROE, NURSERY, MONROE, MICH.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

JERSEYS! RIVERSIDE PARK FARM.

situated near Kawkawin, a village on the Mackinac Division of the M. C. R. R., four miles north of Bay City, Mich.

This choice herd numbering nearly forty, is headed by the famous Jersey Bull Farmer's Son 6267, First Prize at Michigan State Fair in 1882, in yearling class. His sire, the justly celebrated Farmer's Glory, has won more prizes than any bull ever imported into this country. Some choice animals for sale.

Visitors welcome. Address ISAAC M. KESTON, Detroit, or J. F. MULDRAGH, Manager, Kawkawin, Mich.

1934

MOST EXTENSIVE PURE BRED LIVE-STOCK ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.

New Importations Constantly Arriving.

Choice Breeding Stock.

GLYDEDALE HORSE PERCHERON-NORMAN HORSES, TROTTER-RED ROADSTERS, HOLSTEIN AND DEVON CATTLE.

Our customers have the advantage of our many years' experience in breeding and importing large collections of finest animals. We are able to offer very low prices because of extent of business and low rates of transportation. Catalogues free. Correspondence solicited. Mention Michigan Farmer.

POWELL BROS., 4281st Springfield, Crawford Co., Penn.

OAKLAWN FARM, The Greatest Importing and Breeding Establishment in the World.

Percheron-Norman Horses WORTH \$2,500,000.00

Imported from England and Bred since 1872, by

M. W. DUNHAM, 742nd St. P. O. Box 11, Illinois, U.S.A.

Prices low for quality of stock, and EVERY STALLION GUARANTEED A BREEDER.

390 Imported the Past Three Months, including the finest animals of the world. Registered in the Percheron Stud Book of France and the Percheron-Norman Stud Book of the United States. Write for Free Illustrated Catalogue.

FOR SALE.

Owing to the death of the late Andrew H. Coffer, all his real and personal property is offered for sale very low to close up the estate. It consists of a very fine stock and grain farm of 340 acres in Concord, Jackson County, Mich.; a farm of 60 acres in Spring Arbor-Jackson Co., Mich.; two stallions, Joe Barker and Mambrino Waxy, and several very fine colts out of Black Cloud, Hamlet and other good horses; besides some fine cattle and sheep. The farms will be sold on long terms with a small cash payment down if desired. For further particulars apply to

MRS. A. H. CUTTER, Parma, Mich. or C. C. BLOOMFIELD, Jackson, Mich.

SHORTHORN BULLS FOR SALE

Michigan Duke, by 3rd Grand Duke of Aldridge 32700, dam Royal Duchess 5th, by London Duke 10th 20274.

Nero 4418, by Rose Duke 42481, dam Empress 2d, Clair, by 3rd Duke of Cambria 26991.

Red King, by Rose Duke 42481, dam Empress 4th by 3rd Duke of Aldridge (41500), Lord Byron 41688, by 3rd Duke of Aldridge (41500), out of Tea Rose 3d by Tea Rose 1888.

These animals are in good shape, and will be sold on very reasonable terms. Apply to

CHAS. F. MOORE, ST. CLAIR, MICH.

11-2m

REGISTERED MERINO RAMS.

I have on hand a choice lot of Registered Merino Rams bred by General Dix and other well-bred rams. Will sell cheap. Address

E. BRACKETT, Allegan, Mich.

FOR SALE

Two Shorthorn bull calves; sire and dam recorded. A handsome pair of approved grade cows. An imported Cotswold Ram and a fine young Hambletonian Mare. Address

J. A. ARMSTRONG, Owosso, Mich.

"SCOTCH COLLIES."

Lords of the Highlands. I am breeding them from the best and purest imported stock, and have lately made several additions to my kennel. My collies are of superior individual excellence. I have also three of the finest breeding pairs

Poetry.

THAT WALTZ OF VON WEBER.

Gaily and gayly ran the gay music,
The blithe, merry music of harp and horn,
The mad, merry music that set us dancing
Till over the midnight came stealing the morn.
Down the great hall went waving the banners,
Waving and waving their red, white and blue,
As the sweet summer wind came blowing and blowing
From the city's great gardens asleep in the dew.
Under the flags as they floated and floated,
Under the arches and arches of flowers,
We two and we two floated and floated,
Into the mystical midnight hours.
And just as the dawn came stealing and stealing,
The last of those wild Weber waltzes began,
I can hear the soft notes now appealing and pleading,
And I catch the faint scent of the sandalwood fan.
That lay in your hand, your hand on my shoulder,
As down the great hall, away and away,
All under the flags and under the arches,
We danced and we danced till the dawn of the day.
But why should I dream o'er this dreary old ledger
In this counting-room down in this dingy old street,
Of that night or that morning, just there at the dancing,
When our hearts beat in time to our fast-flying feet?
What is it that brings me that scene of enchantment,
So fragrant and fresh from out the dead years,
That just for a moment I'd swear that the music
Of Weber's wild waltzes was still in my ears?
What is it, indeed, in this dusty old alley,
That brings me that night or that morning in June?
What is it, indeed—I laugh to confess it—
A hand-glass grinding a creaking old tune!
But somewhere or other I caught in the measure
That waltz of Von Weber's, and back it all came,
That night or that morning, just there at the dancing,
When I danced my last dance with my first and last flame.
My first and my last! but who would believe me
If, down in this dusty old alley to-day,
I told the talk about cotton, the markets, and money,
I should suddenly turn in some moment and say
That one memory only had left me a lonely
And gray-bearded bachelor, dreaming of June,
Where the nights and the mornings, from the dusk to the dawns,
Seemed set to the music of Weber's wild tunes!
—Nora Perry.

THE OLD STORY.

Alas for the head with the crown of gold!
The temple came as he came of old.
Alas for the heart that was glad and light!
Alas for the soul that was pure and white!
Censure who may—condemn who must;
It was perfect faith—it was utter trust
That asked her promise; nor pledge nor sign,
He was hers—she was his by law divine.
He was lifted up; he was set apart;
He filled her thought; he filled her heart;
She called him great; she believed him true,
As women will, as women do.
Oh, to betray such tender trust!
(God will repay, and He is just!)
Through wrong and ill she loves him still,
As women do, as women will.
Giving little and taking much,
Fickle and false—there are many such—
Selfish and cruel—yet you know the rest—
He broke the heart that loved him best.
—Whittier.

AUTUMNAL.

Along the roadside, like the flowers of gold
That tawny incense for their gardens wound,
Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod,
And the red pennons of the cardinal flowers
Hang motionless upon their upright stems.
The sky is hot and hazy, and the wind
Wing-weary with his long flight from the south
Unfaintly, yet closely scanned, you may leap
With faintest motion, as one sits in dreams,
Confesses it. The locust by the wall
Sheds the moon silence with his sharp alarm.
A single bay cart down the dusty road
Creaks slowly, with its driver fast asleep
On the load's top. Against the neighboring hill
Huddled along the stone wall's shady side
The sheep show white as if a snow drift still
Defied the dog-star. Through the open door
A drowsy smell of flowers—gray heliotrope,
And white sweet clover, and shy myosotis—
Comes faintly in, and silent clouds hover
To the pervading symphony of peace.
—Whittier.

Miscellaneous.

DAVE'S WIFE.

"So Dave has brought his wife home?"
Deacon Somers cut a large chip from the stick he had been whittling down to a very fine point as he answered Deacon Bradshaw's query by the one monosyllable, "Ye-a."

"Got home last night, I hear?"

"Ye-a," and the stick was coming down to a very fine point now, so assiduously was the deacon devoting all his energies to it.

Deacon Bradshaw waited a moment with an expectant air; then he clasped one knee with both hands and leaned forward toward his neighbor.

"Well, what do you think of your boy's choice?" he asked. "What sort of a woman does she seem to be? Think she'll be a help in the church?"

Deacon Somers was silent a moment. Whittling the whittled stick around and around, he squinted at it, with one eye closed, to see if it was perfectly symmetrical. (Deacon Somers had a very mathematical eye and he liked to have everything "plumb" as he expressed it. He had been known to rise from his knees at a neighbor's house in prayer meeting time and go across the room and straighten a picture which offended his eye by hanging "askew.") Having convinced himself that the stick was round, the deacon tilted back against the side of the country store where he and his companion were sitting, and began picking his teeth with the forefinger stick as he answered Deacon Bradshaw's question by another and a seemingly irrelevant one.

"Do you remember Dave's horse trade?"

"No," answered the deacon, surprised at the sudden turn in the conversation, "I can't say I do."

"Wal, just after he come home from college, two years ago, he got drowsy off against the bay mare I drove. I'd had her for years and she was a steady-going animal. We had a four-year-old colt, too, that I drove with her. Wal, Dave thought it was a shame and a dis-

grace to drive such an ill-mated span. The young horse was up and off, and the bay mare she lagged behind about a length. The young horse was a short stepper and the bay mare went with a long, easy lope. They wasn't a nice matched span, I do confess.

"Wal, Dave he kept talkin' trade to me till I give in. He said he knew of a mighty nice match for the young horse, and if I would leave it to him he'd make a good trade. So I left it to him, and one day he came drivin' home in grand style. The old mare was traded off and a dappled gray four-year-old was in her place. A pretty creature to look at, but I knew the minute I set eyes on her that she'd never pull a plow through the stubble ground or haul a reaper up that hill o' mine.

"Isn't she a beauty, father?" said Dave.

"Yes," says I, "but handsome is as handsome does applies to horses as well as to folks, I reckon. What can this 'ere mare do, Dave?"

"Dave's face was all aglow. 'Do?' says he. 'Why, she can trot a mile in two minutes and three quarters, father, and I only give \$75 to boot 'twixt her and the old mare.'

"Wal, you see, I was just struck dumb at that there boy's folly. But I knew 'twasn't no use to say a word then. I just waited and it came out as I expected. The dappled gray mare took us to church or to town in fine style—passed everything on the road slick as a pin. But she balked on the reaper and I had to buy another mate for the horse and let the dappled mare stand in the stable, except when we put her to the carriage.

"Well?" interrogated Deacon Bradshaw.

"Wal," continued Deacon Somers, "Dave's marriage is off the same piece as his horse trade. Pretty creature, and can outstrip all the girls round here in playin' and singin' and paintin' and dressin', but come to washin' and bakin' and steady work—why we'll have to get somebody else to do that and let her sit in the parlor. Mother'n I both see that at a glance," and the deacon sighed.

"I see, I see," mused Deacon Bradshaw, sympathetically. "Too bad! too bad! Dave knew her at college, I believe?"

"Yes; they graduated in the same class. She carried off all the honors, and the papers give her a long puff 'bout her elly-cution. Dave's head was completely turned, and he kept runnin' back and forth to see her, till I thought the best thing for him to do was to marry her and be done with it. But Sarah Jane Graves would have suited mother 'n me better. You know Dave and she was pretty thick before he went off to college."

"She's a powerful homely girl, though," Deacon Bradshaw said; "and the awkward-critter I ever see stand in a church choir and sing. Seems to be all elbows somehow."

"Ye-a—ye-a; a good deal like the bay mare Dave was so set against—awkward but steady goin' and useful—more for use than show. Wal, wal, I must be goin' home; all the chores to do, and Dave's billin' and cooin'. Good afternoon, deacon. Come over and see us."

When Dave Somers and his bride walked up the church aisle the next Sunday morning, over Parson Elliott's congregation there passed that indefinable flutter which can only be compared to breezes suddenly stirring the leaves of a poplar grove. Every eye was turned upon the handsome, strong-limbed young man, and the fair, delicate girl at his side, who bore the curious glances of all these strangers with quiet, well-bred composure.

After service people lingered in the aisle for an introduction, in the manner of country village churches, where Sunday is the day for quiet sociability and the interchange of civilities. And after the respective friends of the family had scattered to their several homes, Dave's wife was the one universal topic of discussion over the Sunday dinner.

"A mighty pretty girl," "A face like a rose," "Too cute for anything," "Stylish as a fashion-plate," "A regular little daisy," were a few of the comments passed by the young men of the congregation. To these remarks the ladies supplemented their critical observations after the manner of women: "Her nose isn't pretty," "Her mouth is too large," "Her face was powdered—I saw it," "Her hat was horrid," "I don't like to see so much agony in a small place." But Sarah Jane Graves said: "She is lovely. I would give the word to be as pretty as she is. No wonder Dave loved her." And she choked down a lump in her throat as she said it.

All the neighboring people called on Dave's wife during the following month, and with one or two exceptions, introduced the conversation by the question, "Well, how do you like Somerville?" To the monotony of this query Dave's wife varied her replies as much as was possible without contradicting herself. "I am quite delighted with the fertility of my mind," she laughingly remarked to Dave at the expiration of the first month. "To at least fifteen people who have asked me that one unvaried question I have invented at least ten different phrases in which to express my satisfaction with Somerville. I have said: 'Very much, thank you,' 'Oh, I am highly pleased,' 'Far better than I anticipated even,' 'I find it very pleasant,' 'It has made a very agreeable impression on me; and oh, ever so many more changes I have rung on that one idea, Dave,' and the young wife laughed merrily. But under the laugh Dave seemed to hear a minor strain. His face grew grave.

"I fear I did wrong to bring you here among these people," he said. "They are so unlike you—so commonplace. I fear you are homesick already, Midge."

"No, no; indeed you are wrong, Dave, indeed I am happy here and like your friends," Midge protested with tender earnestness.

But as the months went by it was plain to all eyes that Dave's wife was not happy, that she did not assimilate with her surroundings. She made no intimate friendships; she sat silent at the sewing society and would not take an interest in the neighborhood gossip which formed the main topic of conversation at these meetings. She would not take a class at Sunday school, claiming that she was not fitted to explain the Gospel to any unfold-

ing, inquiring mind, as she was not at all sure that she understood it herself.

Dark insinuations were afloat that Dave's wife was an "unbeliever," or at least a Unitarian, and her fashionable style of dress marked her as "worldly-minded," at all events. Deacon Bradshaw and Deacon Somers held many an interview on the shady side of the village store, and "Dave's wife" always came up for discussion, sooner or later, during those interviews.

"She's settin' a bad example to all Somerville," Deacon Bradshaw declared. "My gal Arminda's gettin' a lot as fussy and proud as a young peacock about her clothes; nothin' suits her now unless it looks stylish and dified. And I see there's a deal more extravagance in dress among all the women-folks since Dave's wife came with her high heels and her bustles and her trimmings. You ought to labor with her, Brother Somers."

Brother Somers sighed. "I do labor with her," he said, "but the poor thing don't know what to do. Her guardian—she was an orphan, you know—gave her the little money she had left after her schoolin', to buy her wedding flin's. She'd no idee what plain folks she was a-comin' among. So she got her outfit accordin' to the way she'd been brought up. Lord! she's got enough to last her ten years, and all trimmed to kill, and all fittin' her like a duck's foot in the mud; and what can she do but wear 'em, now she's got 'em, she says; and I can't tell her to throw 'em away and buy new. 'Twouldn't be economy. She's been with us nigh on to a year now, and she's never asked Dave for a cent's worth of anything."

"But she's no worker; anybody can see that. And you've had to keep a girl half the time since she's been with you," Deacon Bradshaw added, somewhat nettled that his neighbor made any excuses for Dave's wife, whose fair face and fine clothes and quiet reserve had inspired him with an angry resentment from the first.

"Ye-a, ye-a, that is true," Deacon Somers confessed. "She's no worker, Lord! the way she tried to make cheese and the cookin' she did! Mother hed to throw the cheese curd into the pig's swill, and the bread and cake she made followed of her's than we've had in years, and she was four from head to foot and all of a perspiration, and sick in bed from cryin' over her failures into the bargain. The poor thing did try her very best. But it was like the dappled mare trying to haul the plow—she couldn't do it, wa'n't built for it."

When Deacon Somers reached home his brow was clouded. His good wife saw it and questioned him as to the cause. He shook his head.

"I'm troubled about church matters, mother," he said. "The debt for that new steeple and altar, and all the rest of the expenses we've bin to the last two years, wears on me night and day. And Deacon Bradshaw he's gettin' mad at some of the trustees and says he'll never put another dollar into the church till they come forward and head a paper with \$50 apiece subscription. I know 'em all too well to think they'll ever do that, and Deacon Bradshaw he's a regular mule. So the first we know our church 'll be in a stew that will send half its members over to the rival church that's started up at Jonesville, with one o' them sensation preachers that draws a crowd like a circus," and Deacon Somers sighed.

"Isn't there something that can be done to raise money?" asked Mother Somers, anxiously. "Can't we get up entertainments?"

"That's old, and 'tain't strawberry season," sighed the deacon. "We couldn't charge more'n 15 or 20 cents at the door, and that wouldn't bring in much for one entertainment, and nobody would turn to a second. There don't seem to be any ingenuity among the young folks here 'bout gettin' up anything entertainin'."

Our strawberry festival was just a dead failure—barely paid expenses.

Dave's wife, sitting with her pale face, which had grown very thin and wan of late, bent over a bit of sewing, suddenly looked up. Her listless expression gave place to one of animated interest.

"Father Somers," she began, timidly, "do you suppose—do you think—I could get up a reading?"

"A what?" and Deacon Somers turned a surprised and puzzled face upon his daughter-in-law. It was so new for her to betray any interest in anything.

"A reading. You know I took the prize for elocution when I graduated. I know ever so many things I could recite and it may draw a crowd from its being something new. We could charge 25 cents admission and it would give the impression of something good, at least. After they heard me once they could decide for themselves if I am worth hearing again."

Deacon Somers looked upon the glowing face and animated mien of Dave's wife with increasing wonder. Was this the listless girl he had seen a few months before?

"Pon my soul!" he ejaculated. "I don't know but it might draw a crowd, just from curiosity. Everybody would go to see Dave's wife. Not that I hev much of an opinion of readin'; never heard but one once, and then I went to sleep. But it might draw, seein' it's you. You can try it if you want to."

Dave's wife tried it. It was announced before service Sunday morning that Mrs. David Somers would give a reading in the church edifice Thursday evening; admission, 25 cents; proceeds to be applied towards the church debt.

Again there was a breezy stir in the congregation and scores of eyes were turned upon Dave's wife, who sat in her silent white composure, with her dark eyes lifted to the face of the clergyman.

But Sarah Jane Graves could not help noticing as she had not before the marked changes in the young wife's face since the day she entered the church a bride.

"How she is fading! I wonder if she is unhappy?" she thought.

Thursday night came fair and clear. As Deacon Somers had predicted, the announcement that Dave's wife was to give

a reading had drawn a house; the church was literally packed. Dave's wife rose before her audience with no words of apology or introduction and began the recitation of the old, hackneyed, yet ever beautiful

Curfew shall not ring to-night.
It was new to most of the audience, and certainly the manner of its delivery was new to them. They forgot themselves, they forgot their surroundings, they forgot that it was Dave's wife who stood before them. They were alone in the belfry tower clinging with bleeding hands to the brazen tongue of the bell as it swung to and fro above the deaf old janitor's head. When the recitation was finished two or three of the audience found themselves on their feet. How they came there they never knew, and they sat down with a shame-faced expression.

Sarah Jane Graves was in tears and one or two others wiped their eyes furtively, and then the old church walls rang with cheers. So soon as they subsided Dave's wife arose, and with a sudden change of expression and voice began to give a recital of "An Evening in the Quarters." It was in negro dialect and introduced one or two snatches of song and a violin air. To the astonishment of her audience Dave's wife picked up a violin at the proper time and played the air through in perfect time and tune, and then the house resounded to another round of cheers and the entire audience was convulsed with laughter. Everything which followed, grave or gay, pathetic or absurd, was met with nods of approval or the clapping of hands and the drumming of feet. Somerville had never known such an entertainment before. The receipts for the evening proved to be over \$40.

During the next three months Dave's wife gave two more readings, the proceeds of which paid half the church debt, and this so encouraged the members that old grudges and quarrels were forgotten, and Deacon Bradshaw and the elders made up the remaining half, and Somerville Church was free from debt.

Yet Deacon Bradshaw was heard to say that while he was grateful for all Dave's wife had done, he did not in his heart approve of turning the house of God into a "theater." She performed exactly like them women whose pictures are in the store windows in town," he said, "a-makin' everybody laugh or cry with their monkey-shines. I don't think it a proper way to go in the house of God. Never would he give my consent to it if I'd known what sort of an entertainment it was to be."

"Dave's wife ever been an actress?" he asked Deacon Somers when they next met.

"Actress? No! What put that into your head?" answered Deacon Somers, with some spirit.

"Oh, nothin', nothin'; only her readin' seemed a powerful sight like a theatre I went to once. Didn't know but she'd been on the stage; it's gettin' fashionable nowadays. Anyway, she's missed her callin'. Wait a minute, neighbor. Don't hurry off. I want to talk church matters."

"Can't," responded Deacon Somers, whipping up his horse. "Dave's wife is sick in bed and I came to the store to get a few things for her—bitters and some nourishin' things to eat. She's sort o' run down with the exertion she made in them readin's. She used to be just dripping with perspiration when she got home."

Dave's wife was ailing for months, unable to do more than sit in her room and paint an hour or two each day. The house was filled with her paintings. They ornamented brackets, and stood in corners, and peeped from the folds of fans, and smiled from Dave's china coffee cup.

One day Dave proposed to his wife that she should go to her old home—the home of her guardian—and make a visit. "We've been married fifteen months now," he said, "and you've never been away. I think a change will do you good. You seem to be running down every day."

So she went. After an absence of ten days she wrote to Dave to send her paintings to her by express. She had need of them; would explain when she returned. Dave packed them carefully and sent them with a stage.

Poor Dave! He had come to realize that his marriage was a great mistake! To be sure, he loved Midge yet, but the romance of his youthful attachment had all passed away in the dull, commonplace routine of his domestic life, where Midge had proved such an inefficient helpmate.

He had been blindly in love with his divinity; elated with the fact that he had won her away from three or four other suitors. Midge was a brilliant scholar and a belle, and with the blind faith of young love, Dave had believed that she would excel in domestic duties as in intellectual pursuits. Her ignominious failures, her utter uselessness and his mother's constant and indisputable inferences to her inefficiency about the farm work had presented her to his eyes in a new light. The brilliant girl who was the pride of his college, and the helpless, thriftless wife whose husband was regarded with pity by a sympathetic neighborhood, were two distinct individuals, as were the young elocutionist carrying off the honors of her class and the tired, tearful woman weeping over her bread and melted butter.

The success in her readings had revived his old pride in her for a time. But her consequent illness and listlessness had discouraged him.

Mrs. Somers saw the express package and inquired what it was. Dave told her, remarking at the same time that he did not know what use she intended to make of them.

"Maybe she's going to give 'em away to those who will appreciate 'em," suggested his mother. "I'm sure we've no room for such rubbish. But her time's no more'n a settin' hen's, and she might as well spend it in that way as any other. She can't do nothin' that amounts to anything."

"I think her readings amounted to a good deal," Dave responded, glad that he could once speak authoritatively of his wife's usefulness.

"Oh yes, for that emergency. But it's steady work that tells. Lord! pity you and father. If I couldn't do

nothin' but give readings! Wonder where your meals would come from? Your marriage and your horse trade were 'bout one piece, Dave. Your wife's pretty in the parlor or on the floor readin', and your mare looks nice and drives nice in the buggy. But they can't work."

Dave's wife came home at the expiration of a month, looking fresher and feeling stronger, she said. And she did not bring her paintings.

Deacon Somers came into Dave's room the night after her return to talk about a certain piece of property that was for sale. It cornered on "to the deacon's farm and a stream of water ran across it."

"It will be worth a mint of money to me," he said, "for I can turn that field into a pasture and all my stock will water itself. But the man who's sellin' wants \$150 down. He's goin' west and must have that amount this week. I don't see the way clear to pay it, for expenses have been a good deal of late, takin' doctors' bills and hired help and all into consideration, and my ready money has run low. Do you think of anybody that'll be likely to lend us that amount for three months, Dave?"

But before Dave could reply, Dave's wife spoke.

"Father Somers," she said, "I can let you have the money—not as a loan, but as a gift. I have been of so little use to you and have made you so much expense, I shall be very, very happy if you will let me do this for you." And rising up, she came and laid a little silver purse in Deacon Somers' hands.

"But where did you get it, child?" asked the wondering deacon, looking from the plerotic little purse to her face, which had flushed a rosy red.

"I sold my paintings," Dave's wife answered.

"A gentleman happened to see a little thing I painted, and he said he knew where I could dispose of any quantity of such work. And sure enough, I sold every one of those things I painted when I was sick, for good prices. And I decorated some plates for a lady, who paid me well for it. So I have \$175 in that purse, which you are more than welcome to."

Deacon Somers removed his spectacles and mopped them with his silk handkerchief. "I can't do it, my child," he said; "it wouldn't be right. You must keep your own money."

"But I have no use for it," cried Dave's wife. "I intended to spend it all in Christmas gifts for the family, but this is better. I have everything I need. All I ask or desire is to be of some use—and to have you all love me," she added, softly.

"A hundred and seventy-five dollars for that trash! Well, the world is full of fools!" Mrs. Somers ejaculated, when she was told of what had occurred. But she looked at Dave's wife with an expression of surprised interest after that, as if it was just dawning upon her that one might be of use in the world who could neither cook nor make cheese.

Deacon Somers' farm boasted a fine stone quarry, and he was very busy at work every spare moment quarrying stone for the foundation of a new barn he was to build. One day Dave drove to town ten miles distant, with a load of grain for market. It was September and the market had risen during the last few days. All the neighboring farmers had turned out and hurried their grain away. Deacon Somers remained at home quarrying stone. Mrs. Somers rang the great bell at noontime, but he did not come. Then she grew alarmed.

"Some one must go up to the quarry and see if anything has happened," she said. And Dave's wife was off like a young deer before the words were out of her mouth.

It did not seem three minutes before she stood at the door again, with white lips, her dark eyes large with fright. "Father is wedged in under a great boulder," she said.

"You and the girl must go to him. Take the camphor and ammonia, it may sustain his strength till I can bring relief. I am going to ride the dappled mare to the village and rouse the whole neighborhood."

"We have no saddle," gasped Mrs. Somers; "and the mare will break your neck."

"I can ride anything," Dave's wife answered, and she sped away. "It was taught me with other useless accomplishments."

A moment later she shot by the door and down the street towards the village. She had bridled the mare and buckled on a blanket and surcingle. She sat like a young Indian princess, her face white, her eyes large and dark, looking straight ahead and urging the mare to her highest speed. Faster, faster she went, until the woods and fields seemed flying pictures shooting through the air. Half way to the village, which was more than two miles distant, she met Tom Burgess, the blacksmith. She reined up the mare so suddenly she almost sat her down on her haunches.

"Deacon Somers has fallen under a boulder in his quarry," she cried. "Go to him—quick! Dave is away." Then she rode on.

At the village she roused half a dozen men, and to the strongest and most muscular she said: "Take this mare and put her to her highest speed. Tom Burgess is already there. You two can lift the boulder, perhaps. I will ride with Dr. Evans."

The man mounted the mare, and was off like a great bird swooping close to the earth. He swept away and out of sight.

When Dr. Evans reined his reeking horse at the quarry, Tom Burgess and Jack Smith, who had ridden the mare from the village, were propping up the boulder with iron bars, while Mrs. Somers and her help were trying to remove the deacon's inanimate form. The doctor and Dave's wife sprang to their assistance. In another moment he was free from his perilous position, and Dr. Evans was applying restoratives. "He will live," he said; "but in five minutes more, if help had not come, he would have been a dead man. It is very fortunate you had a swift horse in the stable, and a rider who could keep her seat," and he glanced

around at Dave's wife just in time to see her fall in a limp heap.

Deacon Somers was quite restored to his usual health the following morning. "Dave's wife and the dappled mare saved my life," he said to Deacon Bradshaw, who came to call. "So the boy didn't make so poor a bargain either time, neighbor, as I once thought."

The deacon recovered rapidly, and just as rapidly Dave's wife lost strength and color. She failed before their eyes like some frail plant, and at last one day with a tired sigh she drifted into the Great Unknown, and with her went the bud of another life, destined never to blossom on earth.

After they came home from the churchyard, where they had left her to sleep, Dave found the dappled mare cast in her stall. Her halter-strap had become a noose about her slender throat. She was quite dead.

Over the low mound where "Dave's wife" sleeps, the marble mockery of a small monument smiles in irony at those who pause to read its flattering inscription. It is so easy to praise the dead! And the memorial window sacred to her memory in Somerville church—a proposition of Deacon Bradshaw's—flushes in crimson shame while suns rise and set.

And a sturdy farm horse pulls the plow through Dave's stubble field, and Sarah Jane drives the work in the kitchen.

An Attempt to Capture George Washington.

Clinton, it is known, made many attempts to capture Washington, believing that if he was taken prisoner the war would be brought to a successful close. He well knew that he was the pillar of the by night and the pillar of cloud by day to the struggling patriots, and the news of his being a prisoner in the hands of the British would not only totally dishearten the impoverished colonists, but also the energies of their friends in the English Parliament. How many schemes were attempted we shall probably never know. We only know that Washington received many letters warning him of his danger. He doubtless had many narrow escapes, the plans of the enemy being thwarted either by the warnings that he received, or from unforeseen circumstances—all the work of that Divine Providence that from his first entrance into the army had watched over him. That he has not left a record of some of these in detail is not very singular, but we remember the character of the man; but the following has been handed down by the inhabitants residing near these headquarters at the time. No road at this period ran along the river from Newburgh south to New Windsor, though both are on its shore, and only a mile apart. A bold bluff one hundred feet or more high made an almost precipitous descent to the river nearly the entire way, rendering the construction of a road a very difficult and expensive work. But midway between the two places the Quassaick Creek burst through this heavily wooded bluff, and plunged into the river between banks more than a hundred feet high, revealing a dark and gloomy gorge.

Two or three hundred feet from the shore this chasm swung back on one side in a huge semicircle, inclosing a sweet little valley which is known as the Vale of Avoca. In this secluded valley lived a man named Etrick. Behind his house the hill rose gradually, and stretched away to the west, the chasm gradually lessening in depth, till at the distance of half a mile or more it became so low and narrow that it was spanned by a bridge. Though Etrick's house lay within short cannon-shot of Washington's headquarters, and in a line almost directly south, and about the same distance from the river, it required a circuit of nearly two miles to reach it by road. The tide set up the creek close to the dwelling, and a boat from it could be sent by rowers into the Hudson in five or ten minutes. In an hour more it could be carried into the gorge of the Highlands, and in less than an hour after to the British ships that lay below West Point. In fact, a boat well manned could get within British protection in less than two hours after leaving Etrick's house. It will be seen, therefore, that if Washington could be decoyed into Etrick's house and captured, he would be under the British guns before ever he was missed at his own headquarters. The plan was to have a strong guard come up in the night and lie concealed in this gloomy gorge, and seize Washington while at dinner in Etrick's house, to which he had been invited. Etrick professed to be a warm patriot, though some looked on him with suspicion. Whether he was really a traitor from sympathy with the Tories or became corrupted by British gold is not known. He was visited stealthily by Tories, and his daughter overheard them talking together one day about taking Washington prisoner. Soon after, her father told her that he had invited Washington to dine with him on a certain day. She immediately connected this with the conversation she had overheard, and suspected it was a plot to capture Washington. She at once sought a private audience with the latter, and telling him her suspicions, requested him not to come to dinner. He, however, determined to ascertain definitely if there was such a black-hearted traitor within his own head-quarters. So on the day appointed he rode around to Etrick's, but ordered a detachment of his Life Guard, dressed in English uniform, to follow at some distance, and never lose sight of the house, and at about the dinner-hour, which was late, to march up to it. They did so, and Etrick, mistaking them for the British and Tories, stepped up to Washington, and laying his hand on his shoulder, said, "General, I believe you are my prisoner!" "I believe not, sir; but you are mine!" was the reply, as the Life Guard fled rapidly into the room. He was immediately marched off and locked up. This threw the daughter into a paroxysm of grief. She had not anticipated such a result. She had given no positive information—simply told her suspicions to Washington, and asked him to stay away from dinner. She did it to

save Washington and spare her father, but not to bring the latter to the gallows; and she besought the former not to repay her fidelity by hanging her father. If it had been a personal matter he could have easily have forgiven it, but the blow was aimed at his country, and that he would not have forgiven in an only son. Still every instinct of his heart revolted against rewarding so cruelly the devotion of the daughter. His whole noble, chivalric nature was aroused when she besought him not to repay her for saving his life by devoting her to a fate infinitely worse than death. It was an act that it was simply impossible for him to do, and though terribly pressed by the sense of duty to his country, he resolved to keep the whole matter secret, except perhaps as he consulted with a few personal friends, and released the traitor on the condition of his leaving the country. This he accepted, and fled to Nova Scotia, and nothing is known of his subsequent fate. J. T. Headley, in Harper's Magazine for October.

Pathetic Memories of the Plow.

I shall never forget the halcyon spring day that grandfather told me to scour the old plow and get ready to learn the mysteries of rhapsody. I took a brick and cleaned that old mould-board with the same eager delight and thorough faithfulness that Ben Butler bestowed on the burning up of the Massachusetts Almshouse. What a thrill of ecstasy frolicked within me as I slipped the loop of the single line about my wrist, reached up to the handles and yauped "glang." Grandfather followed in silence. I felt as glorious as Private Dalzell when he gets into the newspapers, and with unutterable feeling I chirped, "Dear grandpa, you needn't never work any more. I'll run the farm and you and grandpa can spend the money and—!" We were going down an incline, so when my pride quickly straightened the old plow shot over the ground and jerked me clear over a straddle of the beam. The horses stopped and grandpa kindly remarked: "Ye mustn't sit down to rest so early in the morning, Lenny, if yer goin' to run the farm." I felt as bad as the Star Rover who pleaded guilty to conspiracy, and had to take it back, plead not guilty and be discharged. Grandpa fondly sat down on a stump and watched me pull at/tug to drag the old plow and two horses backward to plow up the skip. After I pulled my arms out of socket, wrenched my back and was ready to start, grandpa wiped the moisture from his eyes and cooed softly: "Ye kin save a good deal of time an' gruntin' by turnin' the horses an' makin' them drag the plow round for slips like that un." I felt so grateful I wanted to let him go to the house for a jug of buttermilk. We came to a little swell in the ground and the old plow started down deeper and deeper like an artesian well auger. "Bar down on th' handles," yelled Old Business. The horses thought he meant them, and they just straightened out their bellies kissed the ground; the plow started for China, struck a root, the plow clevis busted, the horses shot forward and I rose over the plow at the end of the plow line, like Gilroy's kite. Grandpa picked me up tenderly, dusted me off with a sprout, then sent me to the house for a clevis and a mattock to dig the old plow out.

I started next time with humiliation and an angry ancestor. The old plow seemed possessed. It tried as hard to evade the land as St. Louis wet grocers do the Downing law. "Push the handles from the land," shrieked the red-hot instructor, as the plow shot out again. The horses knew the misery wrapped up in that shriek and supposing it referred to them they started on a trot with yours truly a-skippping and a-hoppping, and a-puffing and bellowing "who-o-o-o-o," like a fog-horn. The plow found its affinity, and I was stumped, a crash followed, and I was thrown nearly out of the township. It busted the old stump, and dear grandpa arrived just in time to greet the bees that swarmed out. It was awful the way the horses plunged and kicked, and dear grandpa battling bees and trying to unhook the traces. "Lem, Lem, ye young rascal, come hyar!" But I couldn't faint dead away first. He got the team loose and they tore for the house, kicking like the whiskey clement in the Iowa Republican party at the third resolution. Darling old grandfather started for me just a-clawing bees from his shirt and pants, jumping, yelling murder and spitting white, with enough prodding insects around him to sting "the rascals out." Much as I loved dear old grandpa's society I concluded not to wait. I came out of that faint and started down the homestead track like a modern office-seeker. Grandpa was after me, slapping his old head wildly and whooping "Holy Moses," etc., etc. For the first half mile we gained on the horses, but as we neared the house our wind began to fail. Grandpa and the red-headed hired girl ran to meet us, and the hired girl outran grandpa. I dodged her but grandpa ran right into her arms. When I got stopped grandpa was hugging the hired girl, grandpa was broomstickin' them both, and the trio was screaming and dodging and squashing bees. When the round dance broke up dear grandpa was too overcome with exertion and bee stings to return to his professorship in our agricultural college out in the field. He sent me out alone, full of apprehensions and fresh buttermilk.

Fascinating old plow! Memory runs through a clothes wringer as thy skeleton outlines come ripping down the furrows of time. Thou wert ever a creature of impulse and idiosyncrasy. Still followed thee caroling the symphony. "Gee, gee there! Haw, now haw! Consort your old hides, I'll maul the hay out of you. Then grandpa would spring from the ambush in the fence corner and fill me full of animation and pain. Ah, as the lane of to-morrow, turning the to-days into yesterday's, as the furrow falls back into the broken past, my spirit is tired and wearied with the task of being and longed to sink into the furrow of oblivion. Fascinating old plow! Thou art the superior tactics of modern politicians. Let us do down the furrow together, old playmate, and let the noiseless share of time cover us over with the following of the years.

TO INQUIRING FRIENDS.

Until October's fairly here
I shall in some secure retreat
Spend all my time where I am sure
No one I ever knew to meet.
For oh, a week and more I've been
Most driven wild, upon my word:
From every friend suburban air
The very self same thing have heard.

First 'twas my pretty neighbor Brown,
In voice as deep as bass drum,
Said, "Now the leaves are turning fast,
The melancholy days are come."
Then Miss Rose Bell, my neighbor too,
Leaned o'er her gate and soft began,
"The melancholy days are—"
I know it," I replied, and ran—

Ran to collide with young Jack Lee,
And nearly take his breath away
(A piece of luck for me, I thought)
Before he'd more than time to say,
"The melancholy days are—"
"Cholly," finished I,
And passed along right speedily;
When from her vine-embowered porch,
Hill's baby daughter called to me.

"What is it, dear?" I stopped to ask.
She clasped her hands and drooped her head,
And in a small and lisping voice,
"The melancholy days," she said.
"Are coming," And so the strain kept on,
Until at last I'm forced to roam
In solitary places till
Those same old days are quite at home.

—Harper's Bazar.

Chin Whang Goes to See Mary Anderson.

Me go theater, top side Fifth avenue.
Melican man and Melican lady play
"Lingomarr." Melican lady wear white
dress, white like snow. Blandits come
and scoopee old man; take him top side
mountain make him allee samee likee
puck mule.

Melican lady heapee cly. Old looster
wantee mally her. She say:

"You give me monee samee father; he
scoopee by blandits; you sabee, me mally
you."

Old looster allee samee stingy likee
miser. He say:

"Me see you d-d first."

Then Melican lady cly, four times
and go top side mountain, lookee for old
man. Sleep round gloosely bushes
every time night; no hurtee whitee dress.

She comes top side mountain in three
weeks and find old man; he big cly baby.
Barbarian he say to Melican lady:

"You stayee. Old Melican man go
homee. No good."

Melican lady she stay and puttee
plosies on stiling, and washee dishee, and
mashee Barbarian. One day he comes
lound, and he say:

"Me likee you; me no keepe you top
side mountain. You go homee to old
Melican man; won't cost you cent," and
Barbarian man cly, and he say he have
no more usee be Barbarian.

Melican lady she lookee to side sky,
and she say:

"Me leavee no Barbarian man. Bar-
barian man shakee gang and come down
town and puttee store clothes on." He
say:

"Me go alongside and behavee myself,
and gettee job in blacksmith shope, allee
likee Gleek man."

Melican lady Barbarian man come
down mountain slide, and Melican lady
introducee Barbarian all lound. Pletty
soon old miser comee lound, and he say:

"Me gottee old man where hair is
short; me got big money; me buyee up
allee old man's note, and me sell him
outen likee hell; me got heapee big bulgee
and me gettee old man, old woman and
Melican lady allee samee for slaves."

Barbarian man say:

"You allee samee old sucker," and he
chookee him and kick him thlee, four times
on top side stomach, and he say:

"Me be slave; you lettee Melican lady
go freee."

Old miser say:

"All lightee; you my slave; me makee
you sick."

Pletty soon big gang blandits lun in
an' say to Barbarian man:

"Who hurtee you?"

Barbarian say:

"Old miser boughtee me allee samee for
slavee."

Then allee blandits say:

"Whoop la-ee," and knoekee old miser
top side headee with blattle ax and
punchee him full holes with speers, allee
samee likee a pepper-box.

The king he come and shakee hands
with Barbarian man, and he say:

"You allee samee bully boy; me givee
you Melican lady for wiffee. Me givee
you big farm and allee Barbarians comee
live with you, and you bossie boy. Sleet."

Evrybody shakee hands allee lound.
Barbarian man kisse Melican lady. Clurten
come down and allee people go top side
Fifth avenue.

All on The Last Round.

The peculiar conditions upon which a
matrimonial affair was based in South Ar-
kansas have just come to light. Dick An-
derson had just graduated between the
plow-handles. It was said that he could
run a furrow so straight that it would
break a knock-kneed man's legs to walk
in it. This accomplishment was a kind of
frontispiece to a future volume of great
agricultural success, and more than one
young lady in the neighborhood had her
eye on the young catch. Dick wasn't
bashful, but he didn't seem to be particu-
larly impressed with the charms scattered
around him like drops of water that linger
on leafy trees after the rain. But he soon
met his fate, a young lady, Winnie Gow-
row. Winnie was a beautiful girl and
could cover as much corn with a hoe, and
scrape as much cotton as any man in the
neighborhood. The couple loved—de-
votedly, agriculturally. Hegrow had
raised his daughter with great care, and
now that she had attained the zenith of
her usefulness, it grieved him to think of
losing her. One Sunday Dick went
over, and going out where the old man
was shelling corn for the pigs, said:

"Mr. Hegrow, I suppose—"

"I don't suppose anything, sir."

"Well then you doubtless know—"

"I don't know anything."

"That's all right then. I am going to
marry your daughter and by next corn-
planting you will know something. Do
you weaken, Mr. Hegrow?"

"See here, young fellow, I can't afford
to lose my girl. I have had powerful
bad luck this season. The cut-worms be-
gan at the corn by the time it came up,
and the bugs plucked into the cotton; and

to make things worse, my best mule and
one of my cows got into a fight the other
day. The cow hooked the mule and the
mule kicked the cow, and both of them
died. So under the circumstances I'd
rather you'd marry somebody else."

"I don't accept your misfortunes as ex-
cuses. I'm going to marry the girl."
"I'll tell you what I'll do, Dick. I'd
make this arrangement: We'll wrestle
if you throw me the girl's yours, if I
throw you she's mine. If you marry her
against my will, I shall pleasantly exter-
minate you. If you throw me and marry
the girl, this farm, together with the girl
is your'n. I'll give three trials—one to-
day, one three weeks from now, and the
other six weeks."

Dick was compelled to agree, although
the old man was recognized as the best
wrestler in the county. He had challeng-
ed everybody, and had thrown everyone
who had accepted. After eating dinner
the old man announced his willingness to
take the first trial. Dick was willing.
The contestants, including the girl, went
into the yard, the girl took the hats and
the men grappled each other. The signal
was given and Dick went over the old
man's head and plowed a short furrow in
the ground.

"Give me my hat," he said to the girl.

"Don't give it up," she remarked, hang-
ing over the title. "Go away and practice."

Dick left, discouraged, but, taking the
girl's advice, wrestled with steamboat
men and farmers until the time for the
next trial came. At the appointed time,
Dick appeared at Hegrow's residence.

"Feel as though you can cut your
capers pretty well?" asked the old man.

"I think so. I feel that my cause is
just, and with aid of kind Providence, I
hope to pile you."

"Providence comes in pretty handy at
times," said the old man, pulling off his
coat, "but it's a hard matter to buck again
an old stager. Get outen yer jacket. If I
fall the girl and the farm your'n. Four
hundred acres, and all under fence. Gal
weighs one hundred and fifty pounds.
Big inducements." The two men grappled
and again Dick plowed up the earth.

"Don't give up," said the girl.

"No," said the old man, "for the land
is under fence, and the gal weighs one
hundred and fifty—can handle a hoe
wonderful!"

Dick went away and pondered. It was
evident that the old man could throw him
every time. To lose the girl was to wreck
his life. An idea struck him. He smiled.
He left the neighborhood and remained
until the time for the third fall was nearly
up. On the appointed day he visited the
old man.

"I have agreed to everything," said
Dick, "and now I ask a favor. Hitherto
I have been embarrassed. Let the final
trial take place to-night in the dark. I
will meet you here at 10 o'clock."

"Any way suits me," replied the old
man.

At 10 o'clock the old man stood in the
yard, chuckling. His combatant climbed
the fence and approached. Without ex-
changing a word the two men grappled:
The struggle was short. The old man
went up into the air, came down and
struck the ground with a force that almost
took his life. He lay for a moment
almost unconscious. Dick raised him up
and assisted him into the house.

"The gal and the farm are your'n,"
said the old man, and the young couple
embraced each other. The next day they
were married. Shortly after the cere-
mony was over, a large negro man ap-
peared at the door, and, attracting Dick's
attention, said: "I want my \$10. I flung
the ole man hard 'nough to kill him.
Where's my money?" Dick gave him \$10
and, turning around, received a searching
look from the old man. "I'll explain,"
said the bridegroom. "Realizing that I
couldn't throw you, and at the same time
realizing that my happiness depended
upon this marriage, I resorted to a bit
of treachery." Here he stopped to buckle
his arm around his wife. "I found a big
negro that I knew could throw you, and
offered him \$10. That's why I wanted the
wrestle to take place in the dark. After
he had thrown you, I rushed forward and
raised you up."

When Dick had finished, the old man
looked at him for full five minutes, and
remarked: "It was a mighty mean
trick, but the farm and gal are your'n.
Four hundred acres under fence, and the
gal weighs one hundred and fifty."

His Coat Tail.

At the corner of Fourteenth street and
Broadway the little white puffs of steam
from the peanut-peddler's roasting appar-
atus sent out a very tantalizing odor Thurs-
day afternoon. A young man with light
English trousers and a long Prince Albert
coat stood gazing at the rings of steam for
a moment, and finally deciding to invest,
backed up to the stand. As he stood there,
with legs wide apart, while the Italian
merchant prepared to unload into one of
the pockets of his coat-tail a quart of
peanuts, two young ladies came direct-
ly toward him from around the corner.
Realizing the ungraceful position in
which he was placed, the young fellow
endeavored to right himself in order to
properly meet his lady friends. With a
look of indifference on his countenance,
he reached behind and tried to jerk his
garment from the hands of the peanut
man. But the latter was not to be beaten
out of half a quart of his wares through
any such sneaking device. He clung
persistently to the right hand tail of the
coat, and as the young man twisted and
turned, trying to lose himself, the vender,
dropping his quart measure and strewing
the sidewalk with peanuts, swung round
and round, holding the garment with
both hands and jabbering excitedly in
his native tongue. Nearer and nearer
came the ladies, and their friend making
a last, desperate effort to escape, the coat
parted at the waist, leaving one-fourth in
the hands of the victorious peddler, who
landed in a heap upon his overturned
stand. With a howl of rage the unfor-
tunate victim of circumstances kicked his
shapeless hat into the gutter and rushed
for the friendly cover of a saloon, reach-
ing it as the comment of one of the ladies
floated in: "I didn't know he was so
addicted to drink."—New York World.

VARIETIES.

In this land of beauty, as I swung in an easy
hammock that swayed in the profound shadow
of a Norway maple this long, dreamy afternoon
of perfect June, I was and am the happiest
man in all the land of free America. I was
and am at peace with all mankind, and, better still,
with all womankind. I held my hand full of
luscious cherries, and in my excess of comfort
I thought with tenderest sympathy of the peo-
ple sweltering in the cities. How happy I
was! And how grateful! For I was blessed
in basket and in store; in my coming in and in
my going out; I was blessed in the fruit of
my ground, for the robins and Robbie had
left me, of all the trees, a whole handful of
cherries. My enemies that came out against
me in one way had fled before me in seven
ways; at least they would if I had any. I was
blessed in all that I set my hand upon, even to
knocking down the mud swab's nest in the
bath-room, for the wasp himself came out at
one end while I was poking in the other, and
blessed me for that. The heavens had given
me rain in season. I had nothing to pay and
twice as much to pay with. "My days have
been of gold, my nights of silver," and what
more could I ask, and why shouldn't I be happy
and glad and grateful!

And just then a nest of caterpillars in the
maple broke loose and came down squirming
and wriggling all over me, from the nut-brown
locks that clustered lovingly about my brow
of marble clear down to my dainty slippered
feet (the caterpillars, not the curls), the ham-
mock "run down by the head" and laid me
out on a brick and inverted garden-rake that I
didn't know was there. I rolled over on the
cherries and mashed every one of them as
flat as postage stamps. A lurking tramp of a
rain-cloud broke all to pieces right over the
maple, and I was into the house and
relieved my new white hat that I left in the
tree, so full of water that it isn't dry yet, al-
though it has changed shape and taken on a
new and not attractive crushed nutmeg melon
color, and as I rushed up the porch steps I
trod on the cat and fell over the chair, break-
ing its spine and abridging as it were, every
tibia I have to my name, to wit, two—one on
each leg. "Man never is, but always to be
blest."—Bob Burdette.

There were three of them. They came into
the office a few evenings since to make some
arrangements about a slugging match, says the
Boston Globe, in which they were interested,
and, as the sporting editor of they roamed
over the establishment trying to find out the
secret of newspaper-making.

After mistaking the managing editor for a
special writer on tobacco and the religious ca-
lendar for the "devil," they went into the news-
room, where two innocent dudes were trimming
copy. As the news editors in every well regu-
lated newspaper office have served an apprenticeship
in a dead and dumb asylum, as well as the
cutting department of a tailor shop, they are
not very communicative to strangers who
chance to drop in without a cigar or a bottle
of pop beer (as letter of introduction); so the
visitors had all their time to devote to investi-
gation.

"Give that one about two sticks," said the
editor who sat nearest the door, and appeared to
be "boze."

The pugilists looked at one another and then
at the copy spollers in a way that indicated
something wrong.

"What kind of a head shall I put on this
one?" queried the sub-tailor, looking up at the
nearest culler with a blank stare.

"Oh, give it a four-line head, and if that
isn't enough we can lead a little, you know,"
replied the chief.

The admirers of John Sullivan doubled up
their fists, but said nothing.

Presently the senior said to his companion:

"I am getting tired of this rot, this trash has
been lying around here long enough. Here,
you put a scare head on the long one, I'll slash
up the heavy title and dress it in a three
line head, the little one we can put under ab-
breivated dispatches as—"

The reporters thought it was an earthquake
and went down on the fire escape. When the
office boy came in to sweep up he found about
two bushels of sausage meat lying on the floor
off the news office; and on the wall, close to the
door, was a notice from the managing editor
forbidding anybody to enter the room.

One day Daniel Webster, Mr. Tazewell,
Senator of Virginia, and Andrew Jackson's
Secretary of the Treasury, were walking on the
banks of the Potomac, and while the great son
of Massachusetts was loitering behind, Sena-
tor Tazewell offered to bet Branch a ten dollar
that he could prove him to be on the other
side of the river.

"Done," said Branch.

"Well," said Tazewell, pointing to the op-
posite shore, "isn't that the other side of the
river?"

"Yes."

"Well, isn't this the other side?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are here, are you not, on the other
side?"

"Why, I declare," said the victim, "as it
is but here comes Webster, I will win back
my bet from him."

As Daniel came up Branch shouted out:

"Webster, I'll bet you a \$10 bet that I can
prove you are on the other side of the river."

"Done."

"Well, isn't this one side?"

"Yes, but I am not on that side."

Branch had to pay for two hats and learned
that a man can bet two ways and win on
neither.

EVERY MAN A BRICK.—Plutarch, in his life
of Agesilaus, King of Sparta, gives us the
origin of this quaint and familiar saying.

On a certain occasion an ambassador from
Epirus on a diplomatic mission, was shown by
the King over his capital. The ambassador
knew of the monarch's fame, knew that though
only nominally King of Sparta, he was yet ruler
of Greece, and he had looked to see massive
walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for
the defense of the town, but he found nothing
of the kind. He marvelled much at this, and
spoke of it to the King.

"Sir," he said, "I have visited most of the
principal towers, and I find no walls reared for
defense. Why is this?"

"Indeed, Sir Ambassador," replied Agesila-
us, "thou canst not see the walls carefully. Come
with me to-morrow morning and I will show
you the walls of Sparta."

Accordingly on the following morning the
King led his guest out upon the plains where
his army was drawn up in full battle array,
and pointing proudly to the serried host, he
said:

"There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta
—ten thousand men strong, and every man a
brick!"

ACCORDING to the "Asiatic Researches,"
the phrase "put his foot in it," derives its ori-
gin from a custom in Hindostan; when the
title to land is disputed, two holes are dug in
the ground and used to encase the limb of each
lawyer, and the one who first loses the case
"puts his foot in it."

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup.

Infalible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic;
for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipa-
tion, etc.

Chaff.

The appropriate color for infants this sea-
son will be yellor.

When a school-girl becomes toned down,
faints, and dies—

"I have struck bed rock," said the tired baby
when they put him in the cradle.

When a man can make right out of wrong
he will be able to breed colts from horse chest-
nuts.

Why is a wheel a palpable anomaly? Be-
cause it never goes well unless thoroughly
dressed.

It is curious that when a dog chases his tail,
that his tail, which is certainly behind, should
always keep ahead.

A dog went over Niagara falls the other day,
and came out alive and kicking. Even Niagara
could not wreck that bark.

"All's Well that ends Well," as the masher
said when he complacently surveyed himself
from top to toe, from crown of new hat to tip
of new shoes, in a pier-glass.

"There is one kind of ship I always steer
clear of," said an old bachelor sea captain;
"and that's the 'cause on that ship
there's always two mates and no captain."

A Pittsburg man who found his gas meter
ruined and motionless, thought that if the
corner could act in the case, the verdict
would be: "Death from gas-trick fever."

School-Mistress: "You see, my love, if I
puncture this India-rubber ball, it will collapse.
Do you understand?" Child: "Oh, yes, I
understand; if you prick it it will go squash."

Now an' den yer see a dog what looks as
though he's got a great deal ob de man about
him, but yer see often sees de man what acts
as though he's got a great deal ob de dog about
him.

"Change is the spice of life," as the dullest
said when he squeezed his hand into his
bocket in search of a nickel. A check on his
attenuated pants was all that was left to him.

"There are no birds in last year's nests,"
says a poet, and, there are no pigeons in
last year's pigeon holes. The only thing in
them that even suggests pigeons is a lot of
bills.

Countess: "I told you expressly to paint the
chamber blood-color, and you have made it
blue." Painter: "I beg your pardon, I
thought the gracious countess had blue
blood."

A German advised a friend when he got mar-
ried as follows: "Lift in your room ondl you
must have two rooms. One for the wife, and
one for the wife's mother."

"It was better to growl oop as schump oop and
fall down."

It makes one mad to suddenly round a corner,
meet a richly dressed woman, receive a charm-
ing look, and then find the ground, and then
discover that he has been doing the polite
to his cook.

"Mean?" said the Texas man of his neighbor,
"why, there isn't a drop of the milk of human
kindness in his body. He's got a dog that
is an elegant match for Jenk's bull-pup,
and he won't let 'em fight."

"I don't believe him," said a gentleman re-
ferring to an editor's statement, concerning
the circulation of his paper. "O I don't
believe him. I beg your pardon. I don't
believe a little thing like that."

Ann Eliza writes to ask why a poor man
invariably keeps dogs. We have not given the
question much consideration, but we have
concluded that the poor man supports a dog to
keep "the wolf from the door."

"I tell you," said Poots, "there's an inde-
scribable sense of luxury in lying in bed and
ringing one's bell for his valet." You got a
valet? "I beg your pardon. I don't have
one. I don't have a valet."

An Irish "Holding"—Irate Sportsman:
"Confound it! you have shot the dog! I
thought you told me you could hold a gun!"
I can, your honor. It's the shot, sir, I couldn't hold it."

The Popular Science Monthly asks: "What
are crowds?" It is not quite certain how
science will handle the question; but the average
common school educated man knows that
under some circumstances three is considered
a crowd.

"How to Attain the Life Beyond," is the
title of a fifty-cent book. We don't want to
disturb the author's right to a monopoly of
the book, but to mention the title, the top-
ical and the early apple, we think he did not
exhaust the subject.

"Send anything to this office in payment for
subscriptions—potatoes, corn-dodger, string-
beans, anything—only send one thing. It
must be an impudent country editor; and then
add: 'Not necessarily for publication, but as
a guarantee of good faith.'"

A man whose wife was taken suddenly ill,
hastened to the hospital to consult a re-
spondent. "What is the matter with her, doc-
tor?" "I fear she has lockjaw. Lockjaw! Well,
Doctor, you may as well let her run along
that way a few hours."

The Household.

EASTERN GLIMPSES.

All things must come to an end, even
the period of expectation which to the
desirer of some coveted pleasure may seem
endless. So it happened one fine
morning in June that my inseparable
friend L.F.N. (whom for the sake of conve-
nience we will call "Jane"), and I, found
ourselves at the depot, waiting for the
Brearley excursion train to appear. Jane
had said to me, and I had remarked to
Jane when we planned our route, that we
"really didn't like to go with an ex-
cursion because—well—you know, people
were so—so familiar," and then we
patronizingly added that "of course only
people of limited means and—". Well,
come to think of it we didn't know ex-
actly what, but as "everybody knows, ex-
cursions are usually crowded, uncomfort-
able affairs, etc," we argued, however,
after a prolonged discussion of the pros
and cons, we decided for several reasons,
notably on account of the convenient
time, to go with the excursion, and im-
mediately proceeded to picture in dismal
colors the trials that awaited us for so
doing. Now I am a grave, staid, silver-
haired—not gray, if you please—matron
of a not tell-able age, while Jane—well,
Jane is an inquisitive, impulsive, roguish,
petite little maid of seventeen, who feels
that she is aged and knows a great deal
about the world, and sometimes presumes
to give me advice and information. Think
of that!

Well, Jane thought and so did I, that
in order to avoid annoyance from "those
people" we had better engage a whole
section for each of us in the Pullman car,
and there we ensconced ourselves, our
fruit and our books, and proceeded to im-
press "those people" that we would none
of them.

Nature, as if disgusted at such selfish,
conceited mortals, suddenly grew morose,
and before noon the rain began to fall in
that steady, hopeless fashion which de-
clares an undisputed stay for the next
twelve or twenty-four hours. On and on
glided the train under lowering, heavy
clouds, through sodden fields, dripping
forests, or by cosy villages, no pause, but
with the same rattle and jostle and speed,
hour after hour, till the delightful ex-
tenuation on which we congratulated
ourselves grew a trifle monotonous, and
Jane, I noticed, began to cast furtive
glances toward "those people." How
comfortable and contented they seemed,

and how utterly indifferent to our
august presence! On and on, and our
eyes grew too weary to read, too tired of
the misty, monotonous view from the
window to longer gaze, yet determined to
preserve our unyielding adherence to a
dignified silence we gratefully accepted
the pillow from the porter, and proceeded
to arrange ourselves for a comfortable nap.

We did not succeed as expected, though
I must have dozed a little, for when I
looked up there was Jane very animatedly
talking with a sweet voiced, bright-eyed
college girl whom I had secretly longed
to speak to all the afternoon.

I don't know exactly how it happened,
but do you know that when we arrived at
Toronto we had somehow become on
very friendly terms with all of "those
people," and that I agreed with Jane
they were every one of them "just too
lovely for anything."

Toronto with its ninety thousand in-
habitants, forty-seven churches and solid
business blocks impresses one as a fine
flourishing city, but withal as pervaded
by a thoroughly English atmosphere, and
you feel for the first time that you have
left "home" and are within the bounds of
a foreign government.

A thoroughly comfortable all night
ride on the train and at four o'clock
in the morning we join the sleepy, for-
lorn group upon the dock at Kingston,
and anxiously look for our steamer. It
still rains, the mere box bearing the

